

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1989

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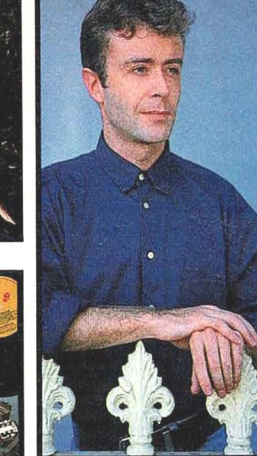
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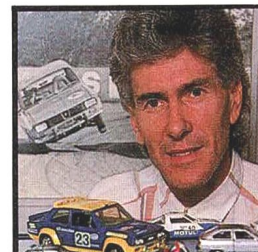
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PUBLISHERS

Published in collaboration with Penthouse Publications Ltd c/o Ronald Fletcher, Baker and Co., 80A Stoke Newington Rd, London N16 7XF England. Edited by PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

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ADVERTISING OFFICES

PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Telex AA 27833. Facsimile: (02) 922 6284.

DISTRIBUTORS

Gordon & Gotch Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD

(US edition)

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FOREIGN EDITIONS

Brazil: Grafipar, Rua Jordania 411 Curitiba; Germany: Redaktion PH, Walter Greminger Presse AG, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; Japan: Kodansha, Ltd. 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112, Spain: Editorial Formentera, Rocafort 104 Barcelona; United Kingdom: Sightline Publications, Ltd, Northern & Shell Bldg, PO Box 381 Mill Harbour, London E14 9PB, England.

AUGUST

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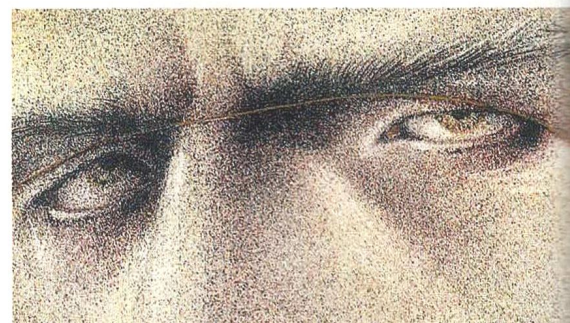
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Mad Or Bad?



Ian Botham Interview



Skin Deep



Pet Of The Month

HOUSECALL

MAD OR BAD?

The insanity plea is under the spotlight. Just what is this fine line that separates cold, brutal murder from mental illness? Some authorities suggest all murderers are perfectly sane and that the concept of insanity is a myth perpetuated by psychiatrists. But the legal system says that if they can convince the court they're "sick" they stand a good chance of avoiding the slammer. Writer and criminologist Paul R. Wilson puts a dramatic case for a rethink of this legal defence. The illustration on page 34 is by Nigel Buchanan.

IAN BOTHAM INTERVIEW

Cricket's most exciting drawcard is also, surprise surprise, the game's bad boy. In spite of his record-breaking achievements, the jury is still out on Ian Botham, both as a cricketer and as a man. In the first instalment of a two-part interview recorded during his visit to Australia earlier this year, *Penthouse* Senior Editor Greg Hunter rolls a few curly ones to the man once described as "a foul-mouthed slob, a bullying lout, a drug-taker and a womaniser — and those are only his good points." That story begins with John Knight's photo on page 50.

SAME AS HE EVER WAS?

Enigmatic, eclectic, cool. Even the word "genius" is bandied about when it comes to describing the work and personality of David Byrne: lead singer with Talking Heads, film-maker and writer. Rock writer Glenn A. Baker caught up with Byrne in Moscow and got the true story, which kicks off on page 54.

WOMEN'S RAGS

Even if you do only buy *Penthouse* for the articles, it still makes more sense than buying one of the numerous and godawful women's magazines for its articles. Humorist Jean Norman takes these wastes of trees apart piece by piece in rollicking fashion, beginning on page 58. The illustration is by Frants Kantor.

SKIN DEEP

There's nothing new about tattoos — but there's something new about the kind of people lining up for them, and the places they're getting them, and what they're choosing to have etched into their skin for life. For the full lowdown on this ancient art now enjoying a comeback, turn to page 74 for John Baxter's comprehensive story. Philip Le Masurier contributed the photos of Angry Anderson contributing his body, a walking work of art.

THE PORNOGRAPHER'S SON

When the son of a millionaire Sydney smut merchant goes missing, there's only one investigator who qualifies with the relevant quotient of sleaze to be able to find him. And Syd Fish wouldn't miss a chance like this to see Bernie Coogan sweat. First-class Australian fiction by Susan Geason begins on page 86 with an illustration by Cameron Singleton.

ALFA RISING

"It's a miracle," writes Motoring Editor Peter McKay on the new-look Alfa 164 — the first kind words Alfa's heard in years. Is this the car to haul the flagging Italians back into contention? Find out on page 134.

Australian and New Zealand Editorial Office: PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Advertising Office: Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Telex AA27833. Facsimile (02) 922 6284. Copyright © Penthouse International Limited (1983). All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignment of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts or photo submissions. Please allow several weeks for return. Printed by Dai Nippon, Hong Kong, ISSN 0158-0655.

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian Penthouse—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Multi-purpose

This is a multi-purpose letter. *The compliments:* Since moving from Cairns last year I have had a few addresses. Every time I informed *Penthouse* as to my new address there was no delay in finding my copy each month at the new address. Well done. I could not survive each month without my *Penthouse* high. I look forward eagerly to seeing it each month.

The new (well, relatively new) plastic posting bags are great. The label with section for new address is a real bonus.

The quality is exceptional in every issue. I only buy it for the pictures, of course. Not quite true, I do read the odd article. I browsed through the May issue and could not resist reading "The End Of Mankind" — or should that be "The End Of Personkind" — written by Colin/Colleen Bowles. Illustrated by Jon/Joan Berkeley. A great article. I got a laugh or two out of it but it still made me think about how inhuman our so-called civilisation has become. But Colin, or is it Colleen, missed a word. He/she/it spelled environmentalists incorrectly — surely it should be environpersontalists. The writer-person (well, we cannot have author and author-ess anymore) should have been man-handled (sorry, personhandled) into jail. Who knows where it will all end? Centuries from now (if personkind and our world is still around then) it will probably go full circle and all these daft names will be a thing of the past. Men will be men, women will be women, and we will all be equals.

Anyway, I said this was multi-purpose. Can I please see Angie Burton's legs again? Like wow, especially clad in black stockings. A dream come true, legs like hers. — M.J. Davison, Canberra, ACT

NZ update

I would like to commend the editorial of *Australian Penthouse* magazine for not only surviving, but thriving in an age of ever-increasing female hypocrisy. There is no doubt that women have taken men for a complete ride as far as the issue of pornography is concerned in New Zealand.

Full frontal male nudity on the television screen, on the movie screen, in magazines, plays and strip reviews is not only acceptable in New Zealand, but often well publicised, very popular, and promoted with great enthusiasm — often by women.

Yet when someone attempts to stage



Angie Burton

so much as a competition featuring women in wet T-shirts, members of the organisation "Women Against Pornography" suddenly appear, protesting violently and successfully against such "degradation" and "exploitation."

A situation has also arisen that male nudity, genitals exposed, is perfectly acceptable and common in the NZ media, and yet female nudity — genitals exposed — is totally unacceptable and non-existent. Foreign magazines are the only exception.

I recall that TVNZ (Television New Zealand) has featured scenes many times of nude men — genitals exposed — and once, in 1986, a German film featuring a scene in which a man was fondling his genitals in full view. Groups such as WAP are using feminism as a smoke-screen to promote reverse sexism and female hypocrisy in New Zealand. Nothing infuriates women more than the degradation of women, and yet nothing delights women more than the degradation of men.

The NZ media is, in fact, catering for primitive female instincts of envy. Women cannot stand the thought of men's eyes

being on another woman's body. It is obviously not a moral stand on the part of such women, because they fail to protest over any of the various incidents that are degrading to men.

Many New Zealand women today have very sick attitudes towards men, but nobody wants to tell them so. Politicians don't want to touch an issue that will automatically jeopardise 50 percent of their party's votes. The same goes for the media, and any influential body which has an image to protect.

If reverse sexism is not dealt with in the correct manner, then individuals will begin to take things into their own hands. Perhaps they already are. — Mark Kennedy, Wellington City, NZ

True confession

My life! In all my days, never have I seen a girl like Angie Burton, nor experienced the power of attraction to this extent. She's perfect. My wife agrees. — T. Simpson, St Leonards, NSW

Forum forum

If there is any doubt about the validity of some Forum letters, that doubt should be dispelled by "After-hours party" (April '89 *Australian Penthouse*). Every aspect of the encounter smacked of being true-to-life, from the rather flaccid penis requiring treatment in a shower stall to Diana's actions later in the evening.

In my opinion Forum has been greatly benefitted by women becoming more frequent contributors. I hope that more women are encouraged to recount the sexual adventures which they have enjoyed. I think women are basically more honest about describing relationship matters and I look forward to more of their work. — R.G. Marshall, Bayswater, Vic

Congratulations

Congratulations on your April edition of *Australian Penthouse* Limited Edition, particularly the presentation of pictures of Terri Bowie — and especially the incredible photo on page 73.

My reason for writing, though, is to tell your readers that should they wish to see more of Kelly Howell, who appeared in April *Penthouse*, they should hire the X-rated video *Letters Of Love*, in which she appears in a super hot scene. — V.S. Leonard, Ballarat, Vic

Most "Bourbons" can't give you a straight argument.

Some of the drinks you might think are Bourbons aren't really Bourbons at all.

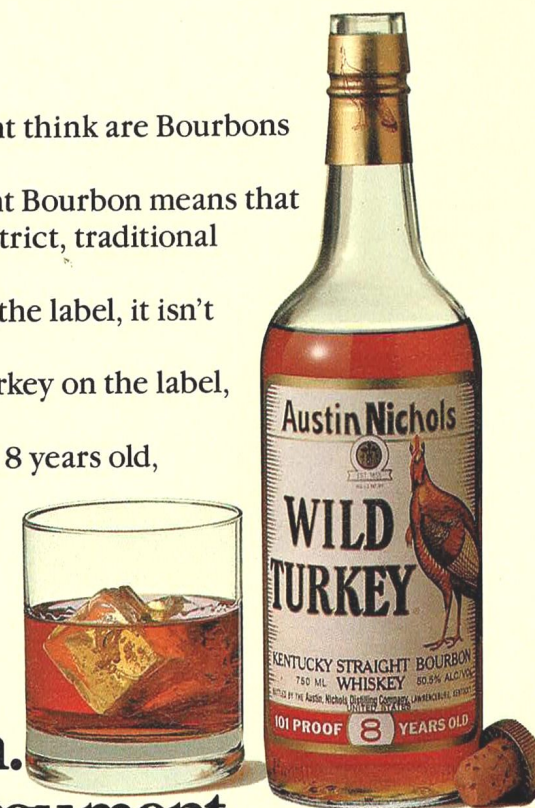
Because, to be called straight Bourbon means that the whiskey has been made to the strict, traditional Bourbon formula.

If it doesn't say Bourbon on the label, it isn't Bourbon in the bottle.

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'Lighten up'

SUPERLIGHTS

PENTHOUSE FORUM

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Four in a tub

Let me start by saying that my wife Sara and I are a very liberal, open-minded couple. We've often talked about being with other people, both singles and couples, but we didn't believe anyone else thought the way we did. We aren't "swingers" and we really don't want to go to orgies or just fuck indiscriminately. With all the diseases out there, we were too afraid to make it with anyone we didn't know very well. We have been married for over 13 years and we felt confident that our relationship could withstand the test of promiscuity. Needless to say, we took the test and passed.

I keep expecting to wake up and find out it was all a dream. I have had fantasies about our baby-sitter for quite some time, but I always thought they were just that — fantasies, never to come true. I was dead wrong. Carol, our sitter, is 24 years old and married. She is very slender, and extremely attractive. She works out every day and her body is very firm, fit and trim. She has a very dark tan that covers her entire body except for three little white triangles around her nipples and pubic hair. They really add an element of sexuality to an already very sexy lady. When I saw these white spots for the first time, I knew I was looking at something that very few men ever have a chance to see.

It all started a couple of weeks ago, when we invited Carol and her husband Joey over for an evening of shooting pool and socialising.

We all tried to act casual, but it was obvious we were all thinking about the same thing. After a few games of pool, I suggested that we get in the hot tub. I knew this would get the ball rolling, since we had already agreed that bathing suits were not necessary. I quickly stripped and got in the water, sitting in the corner that would give me the best view of the others undressing. Sara is quite a sight herself. Her most obvious asset is her huge tits. I'm sure that Joey had a few fantasies of his own over those. Joey is a rather good-looking man, though I'm no expert on men's sex appeal.



We were only in the tub for a minute when Carol pointed to our spouses. I turned to see that they were passionately embracing, touching tonsils. I looked back at Carol and she was all over me in a flash. She climbed on to my lap and we sucked face. I was in heaven. Her hand found my balls, and I started rubbing her clitoris, slipping a finger into her. She was rubbing my cock, but I wanted to taste her juices. "Let's go into the other room," I told her. We got out of the tub and headed for the living room, arm in arm.

"Where to?" she asked. "Right here!" I replied. I lowered myself on top of her and brought my mouth to hers. She opened her mouth and our tongues met and danced. I kissed her face, her neck, and her nipples. Then I traced a wet line down her body, pausing to kiss her stomach and belly button. When I reached her vagina, she opened her legs and spread her lips wide apart. I alternately flicked her clitoris and ran my tongue up and down the length of her opening. Occasionally I'd push it into her as far as it would go. I watched for certain signs from her that would tell me when I was doing something she really liked. I wanted her to come. It had nothing to do with ego; I genuinely wanted to please her. When I slipped a finger into her while I continued to lick her clit, she really responded. Her back

arched up off the floor and her breathing grew fast and hard. I slipped a second finger into her and she spread herself wide open for me. She pulled open her lips, exposing her clit as much as possible. I took it between my lips and sucked on it. She was on the verge of coming, and her wetness seeped out of her, soaking my fingers and chin. With two fingers in her pussy and her clit in my mouth, I massaged her arse with my other hand. That did it. Her whole body rose and fell to the rhythm of my fingers and tongue. She clutched my head, pulling me to her, and with a small cry, she came.

She pulled me back up to her and we kissed long and hard. I got a special thrill thinking about her tasting her own

juices. I glanced over to another part of the room and saw our spouses going at it doggie-style. Sara was on her hands and knees, and Joey was pounding into her. I could hear their passionate cries.

We did this all night. I gave Carol a rubdown with olive oil and we slid around on each other. At one point she said she was thirsty, so I got a wine cooler. Most of it ended up on her instead of in her. Well, it quenched my thirst, anyway, since I got to lick it off her. Later we took a shower together and ended up in bed. Sara and Joey came in while I was fucking Carol, and they joined us in the most passionate night of my life. We have a king-size bed, so there was plenty of room for everyone.

It looks like this is going to work out okay. No-one seems to be having any problem with it. There are a lot of emotions involved in this type of set-up, and it can be difficult to find four people who can deal with it maturely and not feel threatened. I can't wait until next weekend. — Name and address withheld

Foreign exchange

Many of my friends and I live in a special college where we speak various foreign languages. In this special type of living arrangement, we get to expand our linguistic capabilities. One night, however, there was more than talk.

FORUM

cock in her mouth. In the time I was able to bring her to orgasm, she breathed new life into my eager tool. Without missing a beat, she popped my member out of her mouth and straddled my dick, facing my feet. She pounded away like an accomplished bareback rider and in no time was rocking in the throes of another furious orgasm. She fucked and bucked and screamed as she ground her cunt on to my crotch until she couldn't stand it any longer. Finally she shuddered in her own sweet release.

I hadn't popped again yet, so I rolled her on to her back so that she could once again engulf my tool in her talented mouth. I straddled her chest and Ursula moaned like a bitch in heat. Several minutes of this intense stimulation was all I could stand, and I soon shot another full load into her lapping mouth.

As we got dressed and quickly left, I thought it was the best sexual experience I'd ever had. Fortunately, I have been with Ursula several times each week, and each time is a new and exciting experience. Last week we fucked around in chest-deep water while there were other people on the shore. The best was getting a blowjob in her red sports car while she finger-fucked herself to orgasm. Ursula is definitely keeping my

dick in shape. — *Name and address withheld*

Senior sex

I am a recently retired 65-year-old. My girlfriend, a retired nurse, is 61. I want to tell you about the unusual gift of love she gave to me a few nights ago. We had been in bed for maybe a half hour. I love to caress and fondle her soft slender body, following my hands with my lips and my tongue. I love to work my way toward her lovely pussy, where I spend some time enjoying that most exciting part of her sweet body. This evening she was more aroused than usual and the taste of her pussy juice was having its effect on my urge to get my cock into her sweet cunt.

But this was not what my baby had in mind. "Lie back," she urged, "and let me be your mistress tonight. I have a special gift for you." Needless to say, I obliged without hesitation. She certainly knows how to gain my immediate interest and co-operation. As I lay back, she slid her body down so her mouth was over my stiff cock. She ran her tongue around my balls, tickled the base of my throbbing cock, licked it entirely again and again. She rested her lips against my shaft, sucking softly on its length — but she avoided taking it into her mouth. I was frantic, wanting to feel my cock in her mouth with her tongue running circles

around its head and her lips caressing my glans. It was a feeling that I was well acquainted with, but have never tired of.

Instead she left my cock and straddled my right leg. Slowly she lowered her pussy down to the instep, rubbing her soft pussy flesh against my foot. I wanted to taste her juices when she began to do this to me. It was too much! Slowly she worked her way up to my knee, up my thigh, and finally back to my crotch. My excitement became nearly uncontrollable as she stroked her pussy lips along the length of my cock, imitating what she had done only moments before with the lips of her mouth.

Soon she left my cock and moved up along my stomach, rib cage, chest, then shoulder, neck, and finally chin. She kept getting wetter and wetter, and I knew she was as excited as I was. She left a trail of her wonderful pussy juice along the length of my body. As she raised herself again, I grasped her hips and pulled her towards my mouth. It was pure delight sucking on her swollen clit — she tasted so good! She quickly reciprocated the pleasure I was giving, turning our position into a 69. I finally got the tongue bath that I so patiently waited for. As she expertly sucked me, I tongued her with a fury I didn't know I possessed. The whole ordeal of her foreplay was so different and exhilarating that when I finally did come, it was an explosion. My girlfriend moaned with exquisite pleasure as she came quickly after my climax. After our mutual ministrations, she fell on to me and we cuddled, kissing passionately. I can't remember having such an intense orgasm. It was the best thing that ever happened to me sexually. — *Name and address withheld*

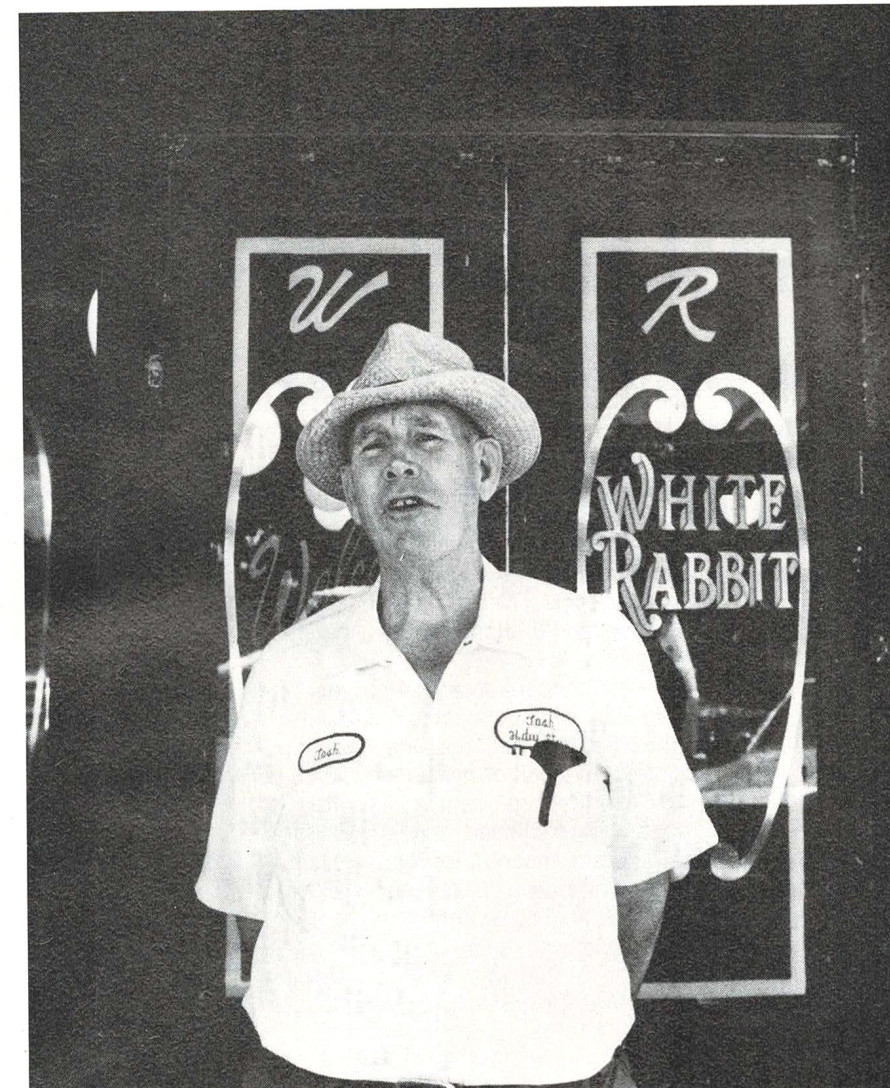
Married partners

I am a partner in a medium-sized law firm specializing in corporate work. As a result I have to take a lot of business trips. About six months ago I was assigned a case where I had to go interstate.

I had my own secretary, Janet, fly over to join me. Working under a deadline was very strenuous for me, and with the help of Janet, I knew that my workload would be much more bearable.

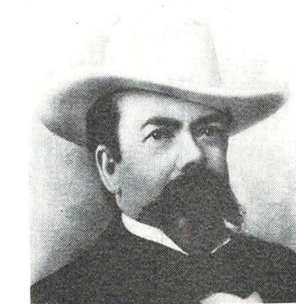
Janet is a fine secretary and worker, although I had no idea that she was talented in some other things, too. Prior to this trip we had never expressed any attraction — we are both happily married — and I was quite surprised at the following turn of events.

Janet arrived the next morning and met me at the firm's offices. She helped me all day taking notes, but it was soon obvious that we would be there for several days, and I booked her into my hotel. As we took a taxi to our rooms, I suggested that I take her to a nice dinner. She agreed and we arranged to meet in

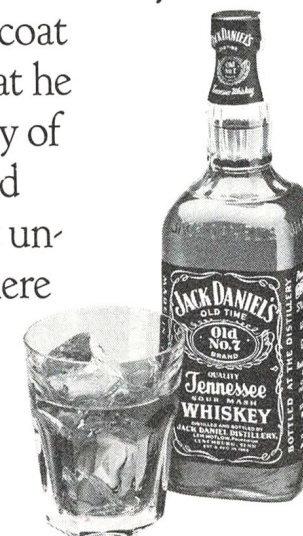


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JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

FORUM

the lobby at 7 pm that evening. I checked with the concierge, who made reservations for me at a small "intimate" French restaurant.

When Janet came down to meet me, I saw that she had been very busy in her room. Gone was the dark woman's business suit she had worn during the day. In place was a tailored gold silk dress slit thigh-high on one leg. The dress was cut low in the front, allowing me a generous view of her (as I now realised) ample breasts. In short, this was a different woman than had worked for me for the past two years!

Janet took my arm and we hailed a cab for the restaurant. We found that the concierge was not wrong. The atmosphere and cuisine were excellent. After several bottles of wine, Janet was slowly moving over to my side of the banquette. By the time the waiter left after serving us dessert, Janet was next to me. She leaned over and whispered, "I want you now!" She then took my right hand and placed it through the slit in her dress. I realised that she had worn no panties — just a garter belt and stockings. Janet moved closer to allow my fingertips to enter her love box. All this time her fingers never left mine, and a slight smile came to her ruby lips. My God! She had fantastic muscle control! Shortly, she began to lightly shiver and lick those ruby-red lips as she orgasmed. Afterward she released my hand from between her thighs. I quickly settled the bill and we left the restaurant.

On the return to the hotel, we repeated our lovemaking and she quickly came once more. I think I noticed the driver watching us in the mirror, but paid no mind. We went to her room and embraced upon entering. As we undressed each other, Janet told me that she wanted to make love to me since shortly after starting to work for the firm. As she removed her brassiere, exposing her two large luscious globes of flesh, I regretted not having made a play for her earlier.

Janet removed my shorts and immediately engulfed my cock with her warm, wet mouth. When my wife and I make love, my erect cock is around eight inches long and one and a half inches thick. As she continued to slurp on my cock, I managed to glance down and realised that in just a few minutes Janet's ministrations had enlarged my cock beyond what my wife could produce! Her work soon produced results as I erupted in one of the strongest orgasms I had ever experienced.

As soon as I was able, I picked up Janet and placed her on the bed. I am normally a "one-shot gun," meaning usually I only have one orgasm and then rest several hours before I get it up again.

As I sat beside Janet on the bed, gazing upon her beautiful body, I felt a stirring in my loins and realised that I was becoming erect again. I leaned down and began to work on Janet's mouth, moving downward. I caressed and kissed every square inch of this goddess' body, especially the breasts. Soon, under my nibbling and licking, her nipples began to enlarge. While kneading her breast with one hand and massaging her vagina with the other, I worked my way down, kissing and licking all the way. I reached her pussy and lay beside her in a sixty-nine position. She began to deep-throat my cock, and I licked her love hole. I sucked on her outer lips and inserted my tongue as deep as possible in her vagina. Finding her clitoris, I began to tease it with my tongue and teeth. Soon Janet began to moan over the slurping sounds she was making with my cock. The aroma of a woman's pussy doesn't offend me — in fact, I really enjoy it.

Janet stopped sucking my cock and murmured that she wanted my rod inside of her. Sensing that she was ready, I positioned my cock at her outer lips. There was already pre-come at the head. I moved my cockhead across her pussy lips and she moaned for me to give it to her. I grabbed a pillow and placed it under her arse. I inserted the head, giving her a couple of quick strokes to tease. Finally, I planted my rod hard and deep and Janet brought her legs over my shoulders. After a while of pulling my cock deep inside her, Janet came. I soon followed with a flood of sperm, filling her pussy.

As we lay there recovering, Janet pulled another trick on me. Keeping my fairly erect cock still inside of her she moved me on to my back, squatted, then slid up and down, causing her come to squirt down around my cock like a geyser. Naturally, this produced another rock-hard cock, and we went at it again for the first of several more lovemaking sessions that evening.

After we were finally exhausted, we realised that our fluids had soaked the bed. Throwing our hotel-provided robes on, we moved to my room, where we fell into bed. Managing to arise the next morning, we continued two more days of work and two more nights of passion. We now have a greater awareness of each other and would not consider leaving our spouses, as we are both happy. Is this wrong? Probably, but as we are both adults, I feel we recognise the limits of this relationship. — *Name and address withheld*

Midnight munchies

Last week I was working at my job as manager of a late-night cafe. I work the graveyard shift and nothing ever hap-

Continued on page 122

When you visit a Casino, you don't want to gamble on the way you're treated.



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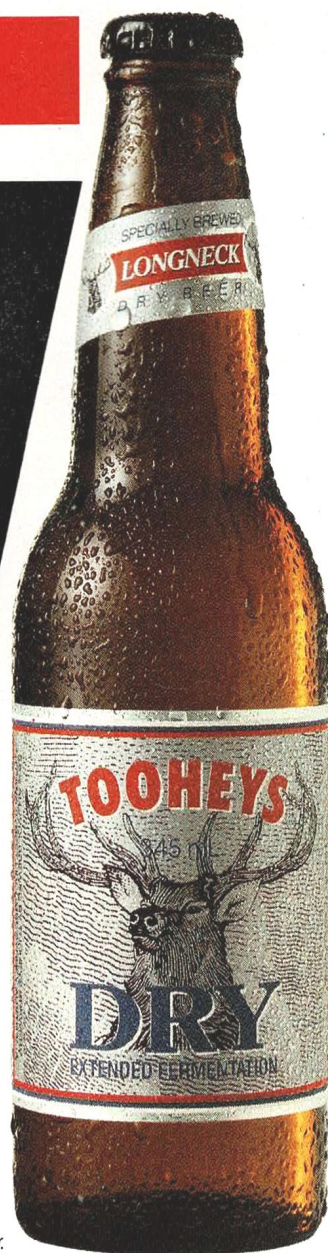
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Sins

ANGER

SON OF A BITCH

Some months you wish you'd stayed in bed

You know how sometimes you have those months where life seems to say: "You've had it too good for too long. Cop this, you son of a bitch"? Mine was last month.

I stopped to buy breakfast on the way to work. "Hey, pal, give me a hamburger with everything and soak the bun in grease, all right? Give me a coke as well. Is it high in sugar and acid? Is it carcinogenic? Good, I'll take it."

I caught the lift to the 12th floor thinking back to the last time I saw *Towering Inferno* — the hopeless screams of impending incineration.

I walked past the receptionist reading her stars and into my office. I settled down to a day of self-imposed hell.

My sweet little secretary strolled in, shimmering, bow in her hair, a smile on her face.

She looked at me sympathetically. "Are you okay? Can I get you anything?"

"No, I'm not okay, and you can get me a gun and the floor plans of the nearest fast food outlet."

The accountant walked in with a worried look on his face.

"Have you got a moment? Mr Rossieter still hasn't paid his account. It's six months overdue. What'll we do? Shall I send him a final warning?"

"Right, do you know where he lives? Has he got a wife? Find out what school his kids go to and wait for them at the bus stop. Has he got a dog? Good, get a chop and a bottle of weed killer."

I sat for the rest of the morning busily preparing my presentation

to the board of executives, a TV campaign to sell deadlocks and meshed windows to keep out intruders. I walked into the conference room at two and sat down with the rest of the group. We exchanged hellos and the meeting began. The Director leaned back in his swivel chair.

"So, Jeffrey, how should we approach the campaign? What angle should we take?"

"Well, personally, I think it should be realistic with a hard edge, something that scars itself on people's psyches. I'll bounce a few ideas around and see what you think. How about this:

"We have a drunken football

team rampaging through a quiet suburb overturning garbage cans and trampling people's gardens, when all of a sudden they set upon a house with only the wife and her blind daughter at home. Ah, but she's no fool, not one to take security lightly . . . She has deadlocks and meshed windows and no amount of shoulder-charging can break the lock . . ."

It was late in the afternoon and time to hit the Bex and pour a strong coffee. I wondered if it was possible to get a better lift from coffee if it was shot up under the eyelids or rolled up and smoked. Perhaps I should take up heavy drinking — or even better, cultivate a drug problem. Drugs can't be all that bad; they do keep your weight down . . .

My life was going okay a month ago. Now it's a hot arid desert

where no life can survive, a burnt-out shell of hopelessness. I suppose when you start thinking that society was too quick to judge the Manson sect — that given time they could have developed into something beautiful and constructive — it's an indication that you're going through emotional changes.

I suppose when you wake up on the bathroom floor wearing nothing but a balaclava, a bottle of pills in one hand and a hunting knife in the other, it's time to reassess your path in life.

Am I becoming cold and heartless, void of love? Why did I argue with the old lady from the Salvation Army about the law of the jungle, survival of the fittest . . . She looked at me in horror — "But these children need help. They have no home."

"We all need help, lady. Kids have to learn life is not all bush-walking and ice creams."

Have I been taking too many pills? I never even read the box anymore. The personnel officer walked in last week and asked me what I was doing with my shirt unbuttoned and shoes and socks off lying on top of the filing cabinet.

"Oh baby, cool out, top end peak out, relax, the energy experience, coming into cloud cover, I'm feelin' real nice big fella . . ."

My next-door neighbor suggested I should come along to his self-awareness group; he said the problem with most men is that they suppress their feelings and have to learn to open up more.

Yes, that's all very well — but can you imagine a society of *open* men? Alan Bond on the news after losing 30 million in a deal with Holmes a Court, sobbing into a lace handkerchief, his executives with their arms around him saying, "Let it all out, Alan, don't bottle it up. What he did was cruel and vindictive." The executives yelling at the reporters, "Look, back off, okay. Can't you see the man's starting to get in touch with his emotions? Give him some space — can't you see he's hurting?"

My neighbor also told me I

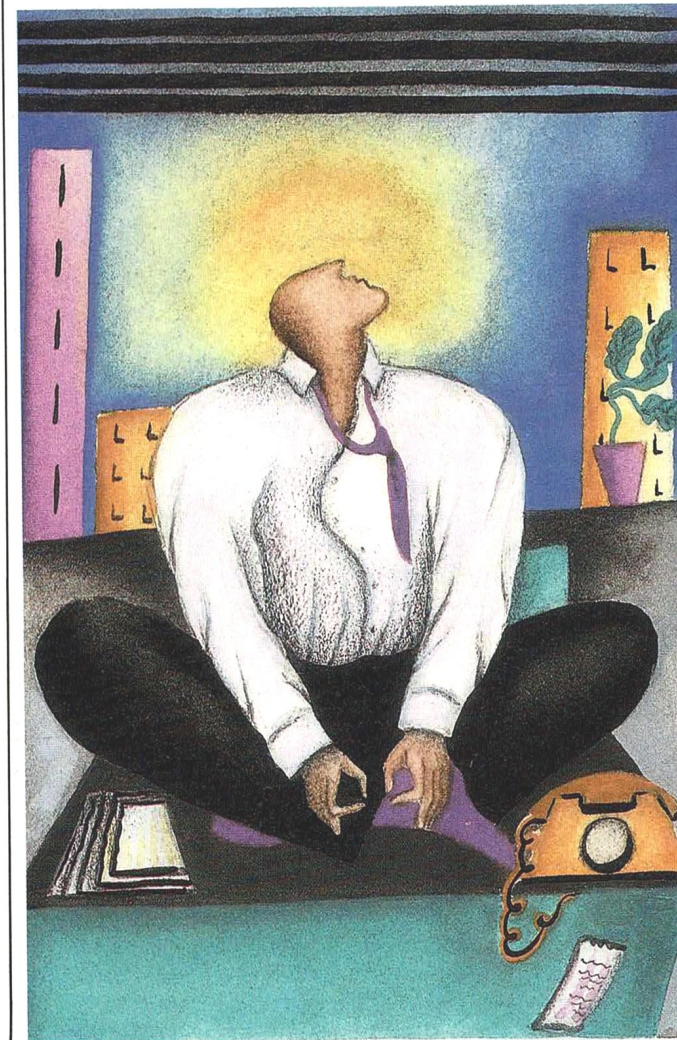


Illustration by Kerrie Leishman

should take up meditation to get in contact with my real purpose, to find out what I *really* want to do with my life. He suggested many people work at jobs they don't like just for the money and security, ignoring what they really should be doing. I can just imagine it, storming into the Director's office: "I've been living a lie. My first true love in life is contour farming and crop rotation."

What about the implications of

this society? Headlines: NICK GREINER LEAVES POLITICS — BICYCLE TRIP AROUND INDIA. MOTHER TERESA OPENS GAY BATH HOUSE.

Maybe life just gives you these months as a test of strength? The weak, frail and wimpy break down and suicide and the strong ones do the same except it takes longer. I don't know. It's just been one of those months. — *Mick Gallen*

GLUTTONY

TOP DROPS



A cocktail fancier's guide to the finest whistletters

Call me irresponsible, but I persist in believing that one day I might, just might, get a decent drink at a cocktail party. Until that magic day dawns, I am content to stick to homemade renditions of my favorite things.

I've always been spectacularly

disinterested in recently invented cocktails. The editor of *Penthouse* and I once went to the national finals of a well-advertised cocktail competition. Three of the offerings resembled Agarol, one looked like diesel fluid and two were passably drinkable. Just one of the reasons why my favorite mixed drinks are classics. And here, without much further ado, they are.

In the Caribbean, it's been remarked, there are as many Planter's Punches to be sampled as there are — or were — planters. The old adage runs that there should be one of sour, two of sweet, three of strong, and four of weak. The "one of sour" refers to the juice of green limes. "Two of sweet" calls for sugar syrup.

(Simmer together equal amounts of water and sugar for five to six minutes and let cool). "Three of strong" means a hefty tot of good West Indian rum. "Four of weak" covers dilution, which should derive from a generous quantity of cracked or crushed ice.

In this century, however, the old formula has sometimes undergone as many elaborations as the *Bible* in the hands of Cecil B. De Mille. But then a Planter's Punch, from its birth, was never designed for how-dry-I-drink self-proclaimed elitists. To the ranks of sweet and sour over the years have variously come fresh tropical fruit juices of all sorts (orange,

take on Annie Palmer in person.

Mists are always made with strong spirits — Canadian, Irish and Scotch whiskies, dark rum and bourbon. They are a favorite form of drink with those who prefer the straight goods — the kind of people who like to savor one good thing at a time. Connoisseurs decree that if a fine liquor is to be served chilled the ratio of finely cracked or shaved ice and spirits in a mist produces the perfect degree of dilution, neither too great nor too little.

All you need to make a perfect mist is a handsome glass (usually with the proportions of a glass for an Old-Fashioned), fresh, chipped, shaved or crushed hard ice (finely chipped possibly being the ideal), and your favorite fine liquor (most often whisky). Lemon twists are optional but are shunned by ascetic sippers. Ditto straws.

Beneath a crowded dangle of model planes and other eternally youthful souvenirs presented to New York's 21 Club Bar by millionaires and similar stalwart regulars, legendary barman Henry Zbikiewicz shook up whisky sours for over 40 years. On the origins of the whisky sour, he was commendably terse. "They probably started adding lemon juice and sugar to hide the impurities of bootleg liquor." He dismissed anyone who needed honey in this hallowed drink as "maybe someone with a sore throat."

Henry's general advice on making a good whisky sour should be written in stone. "Buy the best brands you can afford. Use plenty of fresh, clean, transparent hard ice; as ice quickly picks up food odors, rinse it if it's been exposed. Always add liquids to ice, rather than the other way round, so they'll chill more swiftly — the slight dilution achieved in this way is what makes a smooth drink. When preparing a straight-up cocktail leave liquids on the rocks only long enough to chill thoroughly."

Scotch, Canadian or bourbon whiskies can all be used for a sour. Shake the juice of 1 lemon, 1½ teaspoons sugar and 50ml of your preferred whisky with hard, clear ice. Strain and serve. Never garnish.

BOSE

Bose engineers have invested more than 25 years of ongoing research seeking one goal—re-creating the realism of a live performance.

The next best thing to hearing music live is hearing it through a Bose Direct/Reflecting speaker.

Drawing on the heritage of the internationally acclaimed Bose 901 speaker, the 601™ speaker gives you the best seat in the house—wherever you sit or stand.

The research: three dimensional sound.

Through our extensive acoustical research into live sound, we learned that focusing on only one musical parameter such as frequency response and expecting realistic sound is like trying to create a lifelike painting by concentrating solely on colour. As with visual images, live sound has perspective, clarity and proportion.

We designed our speakers based on the natural combination of direct and reflected sound. The difference between listening to conventional speakers and Bose Direct/Reflecting speakers is like the difference between viewing a movie on a television versus experiencing it in a theatre.

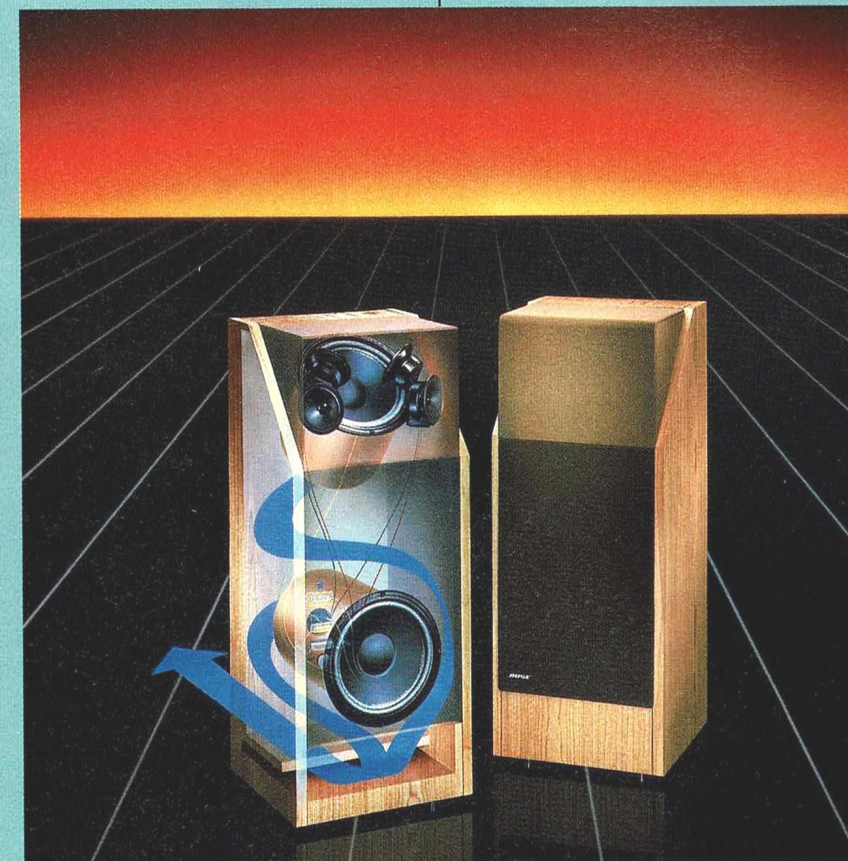
The 601 system brings a three dimensional sensation to music—giving the sound depth, height and width. In short, it seems to come alive!

In a live performance, the majority of sound reaches your ears after being reflected off the walls, floors and ceiling. With conventional speakers, you mainly hear only direct sound. Bose Direct/Reflecting speakers add the missing elements of music by bringing you the natural combination of direct and reflected sound (see diagrams at right). The result is a lifelike soundstage that's practically like being there.

The performance: ideal for audio, video and digital.

With most conventional speakers, you hear stereo in one or two parts of the room. Everywhere else, you hear primarily one speaker. The 601 system allows you to hear true stereo

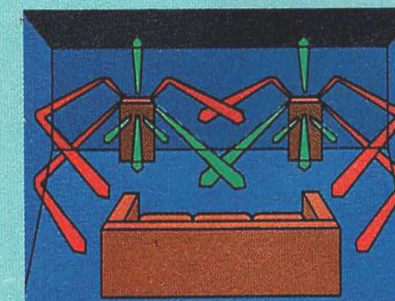
The Bose 601™ Series III Direct/Reflecting Loudspeaker System



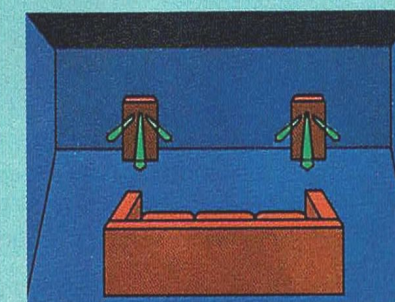
everywhere in the room—even when you are directly in front of one of the speakers.

The 601 system is the ideal cornerstone for a complete home entertainment system. It unleashes the full potential of your sound system, efficiently produces excellent sound and easily handles high power. This rare performance combination allows you to enjoy today's power-demanding sound sources such as digital audio at true-to-life volume levels.

The Bose 601 system also makes it possible to use your stereo system in a new way: as part of a total audio/video system. It is designed to produce greater realism with all video sound sources—especially stereo televisions, hi-fi VCRs and video disc players.



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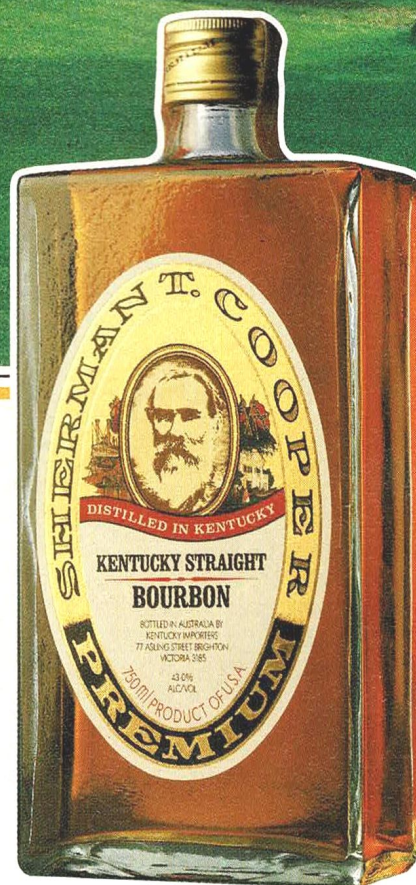


THE HOME OF SHERMAN T. COOPER PREMIUM BOURBON

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WHEN YOU FEEL YOU DESERVE
A FINE KENTUCKY BOURBON

Let the controversy rage, this is my favorite recipe for Pina Colada. Combine 60ml white rum, 40ml canned coconut cream, 90ml pineapple juice and 15ml each cream and milk in a blender. Throw in a handful of shaved ice and blend on high for 15 seconds. Pour into a long curved glass and serve with a stick of pineapple to garnish. Especially good on a cold winter's day.

The Old-Fashioned has been enjoying a revival lately, I'm proud to report. Its origins are easy to pinpoint. Its birthdate could be no earlier than 1881, the year in which Louisville, Kentucky's aristocratic Pendennis Club first opened its doors to its members, one of whom was the then-reigning patriarch of fine Kentucky bourbon, Colonel James E. Pepper.

The Old-Fashioned depends on sugar and lemon peel for its char-

acteristically heady fragrance. The inclusion of Angostura or orange bitters is mandatory. A top-off splash of soda or a slice of orange lends extra zest.

Fill an Old-Fashioned glass with ice cubes and pour in half a teaspoon of sugar syrup. Squirt in a big drop of Angostura bitters, followed by 45 to 60ml of the best bourbon you can afford. Then fill up with soda. Finish with an orange slice and a twist of lemon. Drink at leisure.

My last candidate for a personal top five is the Stinger: a splendid alternative to dessert as well as a faultless after-dinner drink. Shake together 40ml each white creme de menthe and brandy. Shake gently over hard ice until chilled. Then strain into whatever vaguely graceful glass you have at hand. Terrific and a snap to make. What more can you ask? — Elisabeth King

SLOTH

PERILS OF CHINA

Confucius say: Bring your money with you

Quick, eat your Renminbi," she urged from the other side of the bus. I stared and gave out a nervous little laugh. If I ate that stuff, Christ knows what would happen to my already food-poisoned body. Renminbi, or RMB, was the street money of the People's Republic of China; I was sure it was covered in no end of shit.

Was she kidding? After all, she had been in the country before and this was my first time. I glanced to the front of the coach where our Group Leader sat unperturbed by the Chinese secret (not so secret now) policeman standing over him. The offence: illegally changing official Chinese money issued to foreigners into street money (you can vir-

tually double your purchasing power by doing it). What made it worse was that the crime had been committed in broad daylight, in the main street of Shanghai, and with the wrong black marketeers. It was okay outside our own hotel where the Chinese hung out, but downtown with the European/Chinese half-castes it was definitely frowned upon.

The operation took on major proportions as another two Charlie Chans emerged from the crowd and conferred with their colleague. All three spoke hurriedly into walkie-talkies. Our local Chinese guide was putting in her two cents worth while 30 anxious Australians tried to keep cool. Finally we were safe! A severe reprimand was issued and the money concerned (about \$A50) was confiscated.

With the Shanghai incident behind us, I wondered what the authorities would do to us to teach us a lesson. I soon found out. They went right for the tourists' jugular: the pocket. We were declared overweight in excess baggage at the next domestic air-

port. About \$400 worth. Time for some quick talking from our leader and Chinese guide. It was miraculous. From \$400 to two cartons of Kent cigarettes.

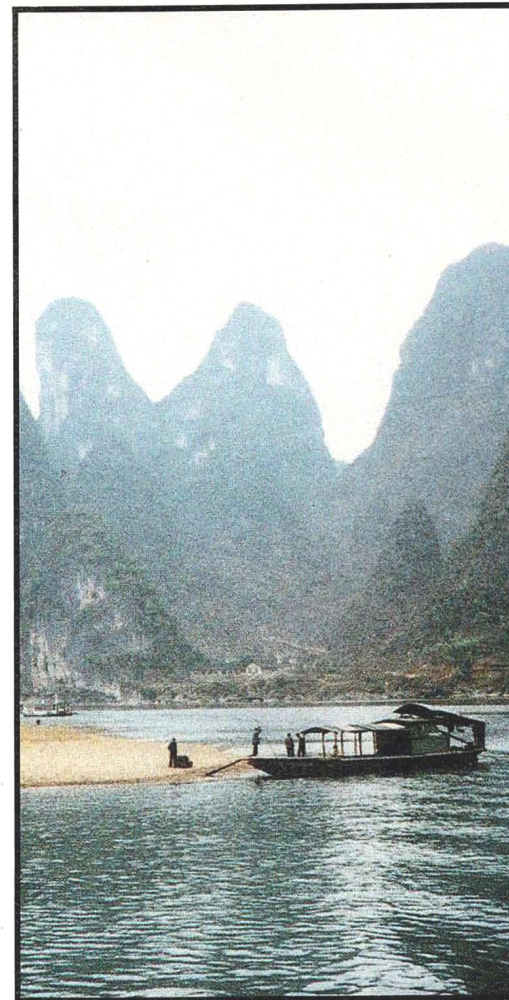
The treatment continued. As much as \$200 each in excess baggage at Canton International Terminal — and this time the cigarettes were no substitute. Our group was charged up to 20 times the usual excess charge. People paid up or simply dumped heavy souvenirs in the bins. We watched from the waiting lounge as the customs officials retrieved their prizes from the trash and paraded them for all to see.

The police are just one of the hazards of travelling in China. But they are at least a predictable hazard. If you walk out of your hotel they will follow you. Some-

does not like the color of your bus he will stop it at an intersection for 30 minutes.

Sometimes you are glad they are around, for instance, when strolling along the Bund at Shanghai, that famous broad walkway flanked by the river and the old European banking houses. Male prostitutes come up and say, "I love you." Female prostitutes just look bored. Money changers harass you. But it is the hustlers that are the problem. They'll start conversations in English and tell you that they are "students" at Shanghai University and want to practise their English. They end up offering their services as guides — or try to pick your pockets. In our case they got so annoying we told them we would start screaming for our friendly policeman. This

The beauty
of China is
better
enjoyed if
you're
prepared
for rip-offs



times they will follow you so closely that it is downright embarrassing — two metres was the close-proximity record for our group. If the cop on point duty

worked wonders. They weren't keen on a one-way ticket to a labor battalion on the Mongolian frontier.

Of course, there are Chinese

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dunhill

who do speak English, who aren't hustlers, and who are very keen to converse. Give them a memento (an Australian \$1 coin is best as they have a kangaroo on them) and in a flash you're surrounded by a crowd. It's the same in the stores; buy something and it's like you're a red light special at K-Mart. Go to the dunny and you're followed by a crowd. One Aussie had Chinese observers when he squatted down in a farm commune's latrine. He said they were twisting their necks to get every possible view!

In the north this curiosity is far stronger than in the south, open as it is to more Western influence. The whole culture seems different. Beijing in the north-east is right out of Orwell's 1984: millions of people dressed in exactly the same clothes. Drab streets with rabbit warren homes. Constant power blackouts. Petty bureaucrats with petty rules. Shanghai is the opposite. Down its Nanjing Road, a million people spend their money every day on watches and Reeboks. Trendies abound. Beautiful Chinese girls wear thigh-length leather boots and openly neck with their boyfriends. Try

and kiss your girl in Beijing in the open and you'll be blackballed for good!

Getting around the country by air and rail is an adventure. Chinese air hostesses do not seem to think it important for anyone to put on their seat-belts. Not even themselves. They hang their handbags on the emergency door handles and generally try to hide from the passengers. The pilots are all ex-military and there are plenty of stories about their bravery in times of crisis. Like the time they left the controls to take care of a hijacker; it may have been in mid-air and in a commercial airliner, but it didn't stop these boys from blasting away!

Hotels in China vary in quality. Some are left over from the Russians and look like they still have torture chambers in the cellars. The new ones can be enormous, luxurious capitalist oases in a socialist sea.

Travelling in China definitely has its pitfalls, but it's still a fascinating place.

Ten-hours flight time can take an Australian traveller not to just another country, but to a different universe. — Martyn Brown

AVARICE

BUCKLEY'S CHANCE

The laughable lowdown on Lotto

The Lotto people in NSW recently made their game almost twice as hard to win.

By changing from a 40-number system to a 44-number system, the NSW game took the probability of picking six numbers out of the pool — thereby winning first prize — from one chance in 3,838,380 to one in 7,059,052. This compares with the six from 45 system used by Tattsлото in other states, which gives you one chance in 8,145,060 of winning a

first division prize.

They're pretty long odds. What it means is that the regular small Lotto player, buying four games in each of two draws a week (ie, four different sets of numbers but the same set each draw), can expect to win a first division prize once every 20,000 or so years in Tattsлото or once every 17,000 odd years in Lotto.

Under the old NSW system this small but regular player would have had to wait only 9226 years for the law of averages to work its cycle. Such a Lotto player, his heirs and successors, may get a trifle impatient with this scheme.

The best way to almost (but, in fact, not at all) guarantee a first division take-out of Lotto is to up the expenditure to, say, \$2000 a week, giving you 8000 combinations and the likelihood of winning

at least one first division prize every 19 years in Tattsлото and, even better, every 17 years with Lotto.

That would cost the Tattsлото person \$2.036 million and the Lotto punter \$1.764 million over

For the simple truth is that for any individual game the likelihood of one particular set of numbers coming up is the same as it was the game before and the game before that and so on. If 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 came up last game (the



Illustration by John Mitchell

the relevant periods. Not including commissions.

Of course the probabilities cited above are only probabilities. As John Robson points out in his book *Flutters* (A.H. & A.W. Reed, Sydney, 1980): "The probability values represent long-run frequencies which account for all past and future events in all Lottos drawn anywhere, or ever likely to be drawn."

That is, when you're dealing with odds of 8 million-to-one you need a broad brush approach — of astronomic dimensions — to get the laws of probability working for you.

odds, by the way, of them coming out in that order are a shade — 82 million — over five billion-to-one) they have just as much chance of coming up again the next game as any other combination of six numbers.

So our earnest Lottoist whacking in two grand a week for 20 years may never hit the jackpot. I once worked out that he'd need at least four or five full cycles (80 to 100 years) before he'd be a better than even money bet to just win one first prize.

The special appeal of Lotto games is the size of the main prize, which is usually big enough

Sins

to set up for life, or at least provide a solid basis for a life of ease.

However, the Tattsлото scheme has been providing bigger first prizes than the NSW Lotto; because the Tattsлото is harder to win, a lesser percentage of entrants win it.

The Tattsлото Saturday game — the big one — usually has a pool of over \$7 million, and its first division pool of \$1.8-1.9 million is, on average, shared between six winners, giving an average prize of over \$300,000 each. The NSW game, which attracts fewer punters, usually has about \$2.2 million up for grabs on its Monday night

draw, but a bigger percentage of the pool is allocated to the first division (45 percent of the prize pool as compared to Tatts' 26.5). The usual three or four NSW winners, under the old system, would share a million between them. If the approximate doubling of the odds means a halving of the average number of prize-winners then the NSW pay-outs are likely to be the highest in Australia.

Which is all very interesting, I'm sure. Me? I don't know how to fill in a Lotto coupon. But I do know how to box a trifecta — which I'd rather. You see, I like to win. — *David Quicksilver*

ENVY

TOY BOYS

The current sexual climate is ripe for the enterprising gigolo

The first gigolo I ever met looked like Dee Snider from Twisted Sister. Splattered with garish makeup, long blond locks ringing his nipples, he was built like a front-row forward, not Richard Gere. His Madame Bountiful claimed he was an aspiring rock singer.

A more recent Johnny-on-the-spot was the ex-ballroom dancer I encountered last year on a cruise. He was squiring a woman who made Phyllis Diller look like a cheerleader. They met at a dance school and each summer they graced the dance floors of cruise ships. At 9pm, Robert put Grace to bed. Before she had sunk into REM rhythm, he had slipped away with Jim, the ship's pianist. Grace knew.

Gigolo (lounge lizard, paid Lothario, toy boy, pay-for-playmate) is an umbrella term for men who seek to be supported by women.

They include the male stripper who performs for his lady admirers in a car between performances and views his on-stage performance as an "audition" for the role that brings in the majority of his income; the male prostitute, often bisexual, who distributes his services with a pragmatic cost/benefit calculation; the walker, or paid gentleman companion, adept at fitting into a sophisticated en-

vironment; the hustler, less a lover than a manipulator.

Between these categories fall various amateurs indulging in ad hoc fumbling around: students who seek out a professional woman to support their university careers, or men who aspire to the role of pampered lap dog to a wealthy woman.

The word "gigolo" is from the Italian, meaning "one who smiles." The Bottomless Purse he smiles at is popularly thought to be somewhat less attractive than Benny Hill in drag, three years younger than God and primarily interested in sex. This absurd stereotype is caused by the relative ignorance about gigolos compared to mistresses. A hefty percentage of the population admits to affairs — single and married. Perhaps what stops women extending these dalliances to semi-permanence is not antipathy to the notion but lack of substantial finances.

The role continues to be associated with access, at least, to wealth. A rich woman may consider her gigolo a prudent supplement to or substitute for marriage, since she retains control of the situation while satisfying her desire for companionship, sex and

admiration; but this is the sort of wisdom only the wealthy can afford. Keeping a man, like keeping horses, is not for the poor.

The May/December stereotype is a little more valid. Age sometimes brings a greater cash flow. Divorce or widowhood might give a woman economic control, for the first time.

For others, however, there is less satisfaction. One woman, recently divorced, arrived in Melbourne and went with a group of female friends for dinner and drinks at a smart hotel. In the lounge area a man singled her out, which flattered her (the man short-age, don't you know?). He said he preferred mature women to silly girls under the age of 40, and proceeded to move himself into her party, affections, bed and bank account.

The man would not be asked to screen test as an understudy for William Hurt or Mel Gibson, yet three relationships in a year pocketed him \$250,000. He is divorced, 45, 170cm tall, bulging around the middle and has receding hair.

He is closer to Al Capone than Al Pacino; however, he knows what model agencies do not.

The following comments of a

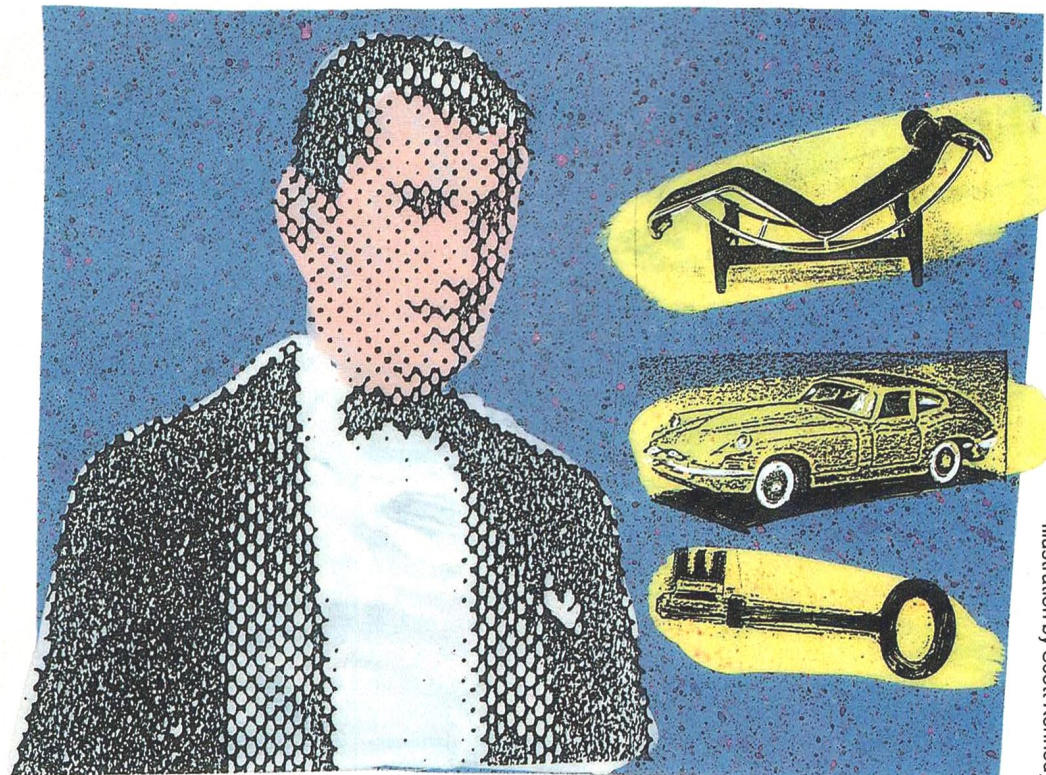


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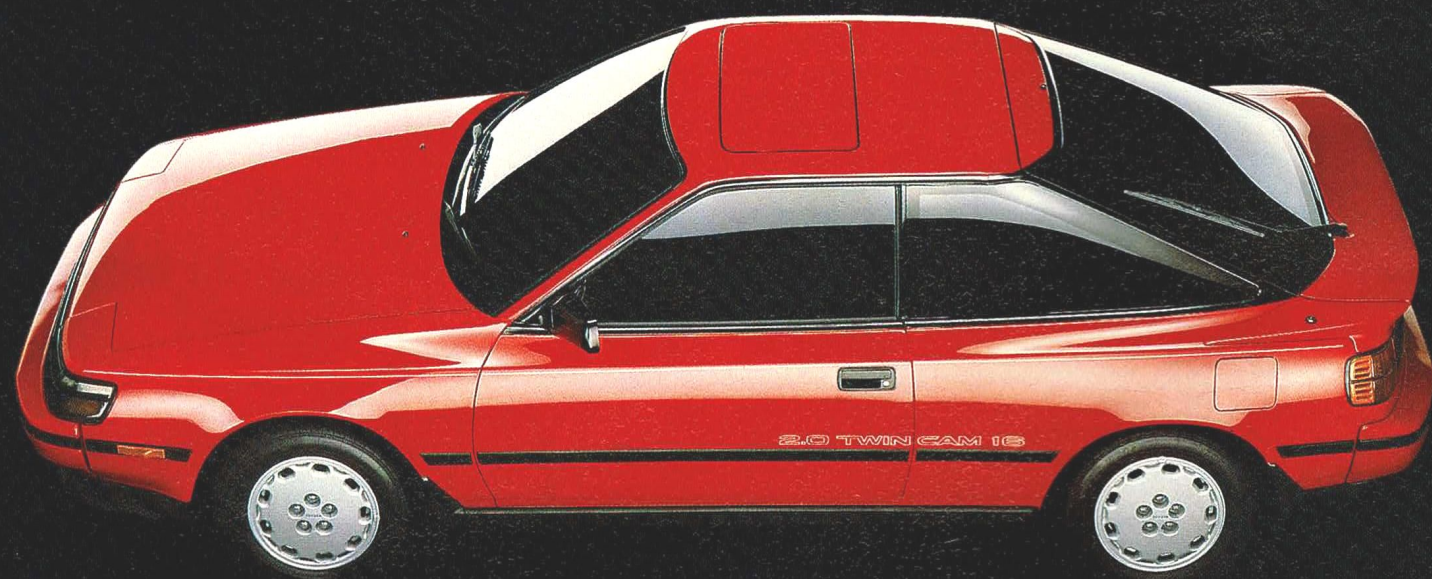


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well satisfied Sydney gigolo capture the confidence and slickness of a solid professional: "The term gigolo, reeking of the unsavory and sleazily foreign, is just not on. In its place, may I suggest 'man of fortune.' That's what I have considered myself for five years. It sure beats being a teacher."

"My career began when I rented a flat. The landlady was a well-off widow who was actually looking for a friendly male tenant. I pretended to be a writer, and in the early days spent a lot of time in libraries (you have to be convincing). Our relationship deepened to the inevitable. I think I gave her the time of her life. She soon began refusing my rent money and quickly became obsessive and dependent. I stayed for a year, earning my keep, and left after she gave me \$10,000 to publish my non-existent novel. I'd kept that up, too."

He later went on to a sexually demanding, amply fleshed widow, "somewhat unusual in her requests," who threw him out slightly physically damaged. His last job was with a 50-year-old spinster, acting out her ultimate fantasy of the leering butler.

Some gigolos use their businesses to meet well-off unattached women. The following Sydney man works as a real estate agent: "I would court the old darlings, flooding them with flowers, spending just enough — but not much — money on them while trying to sell them as much as I could."

"From one I borrowed the deposit on my first house — never paid back — and she met my car repayments. I got a holiday in the Cook Islands from another. And a third woman paid me off when we both decided to call it quits. Only a few thousand, though."

Another "gentleman" encouraged his prey to make him the financial adviser in her divorce settlement. Supported by the woman prior to her divorce, he saw his chance to move from being the comfortable "cat basket" occupant of a duplex near Rose Bay to being independently wealthy.

He charmed her into investing in a firm he claimed was being

launched by a business acquaintance. He told her he had invested a large percentage of his savings and he was confident they would both come out of it in the mega-wealthy league. Painting a scenario straight out of a lush movie, he encouraged her to snap up the company's remaining shares. She "so deserved to have beautiful things." He so wanted to buy

them for her. With a little help from her now, he could set her up in the style befitting a princess...

Not surprisingly, the company had an ephemeral existence; he dropped the woman as the bank informed her that only a few cents remained in her account. Written contracts? This was love, maintained the woman. Even after it was all over. — Elisabeth King

LUST

BATTLE OF THE BLOWJOBS

Al Goldstein blows hot and cold on porn's greatest stars

From long exposure to the female of the species, I've formed a secret rule of thumb, an either/or breakdown that almost every woman I've ever met seems to fall into. The world is divided into women who approach their sexuality as Seka does, and then women like ... Linda Lovelace.

Yes, well. Seka versus Lovelace. That battle wouldn't go many rounds, at least if it were a contest for the hearts and minds and laps of the X-rated consumer. Lovelace has faded from the screen, except for nostalgic reruns of *Deep Throat*. She's bloated up, lost both her breasts to mastectomy, become a shrill opponent of all things sexual. Under the shrewd manipulation of right-wing feminists, Linda Marciano has become a vocal advocate for censorship.

And then there's Seka. The Platinum Princess. I recently saw her again, after a gap of about five years, at a party where there were a lot of adult entertainment industry people present. Wherever she went, there was a buzz about how stunning she looked. How does she do it? How can she hold those sultry good looks after a decade and a half in the biz? She was a gracious presence, glad-handing

and smiling, but every male there felt the jolt of her sensuality.

Seka versus Lovelace. Their careers have been so diametric that they might seem to be from different planets. Lovelace's "career" is essentially the movie *Deep Throat*, still the highest-grossing independent film of all time (mainstream and adult), the biggest if not the best adult film ever. The novelisation of the film even made the best-seller lists. Linda acted in it, fucked in it, and then did publicity in it, as the whole thing snowballed into a phenomenal "event." She was on talk shows and in magazines, and she did dumb publicity ploys that made it even bigger — remember "Linda Lovelace for President"?

Now, sadly, Linda Marciano denies her part in all of this, even while using the name "Linda Lovelace" to sell her books. She tells us her whole time in the porn world amounted to two weeks, and that the whole time she had been coerced. Linda says she was a victim, a victim of mean men. Sympathetic pro-censorship audiences don't question her or her motives. Wait a minute, Linda, just who was that waving the flag and wearing the funny hat, running for president? No-one asks. They just nod their heads as Linda Marciano preaches to the converted, telling them what they desperately want to believe: that no woman can freely choose to work in adult entertainment.

Well, one woman has, and made a huge success of it. Seka is a one-woman cottage industry, selling everything from T-shirts to her "used" panties to Polaroids of

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herself for a nice fat profit. Seka started in porn when they still did "loops," 8-millimetre film stock of short vignettes designed to fit easily into peep-show projectors. Her first film, a Swedish erotica loop, featured her as we know her today: the classic, high-cheek-boned beauty with blinding, Jean Harlow coif, the most perfect tits in the world and pussy thatched with a delicate blonde fuzz.

During the late Seventies, Seka seemed to be in almost every adult film made. Though her work was journeyman at best, and she didn't appear in any of the traditional "Top 10" classics, she was consistently the sexiest woman on the screen. Her last film may be her best. *Careful, He May Be Watching*, is a sly, well-budgeted satire of suburban sexual values, and Seka steals it — as a red-head! It's safe to say that more genetic material has been spilled over the fantasy of Seka than anyone in the history of the universe.

So, one woman had a simply awful career in porn, one woman aced it. But there's something else here, beyond the simple vagaries of circumstance. There is a basic difference in the approach these two women have to sex, a difference that speaks to all of us because of the implications about how we behave as sexual creatures. And it is a particularly basic lesson for women, who are so used to hearing the strident agit-prop of the right-wingers that they may actually come to believe fucking is more trouble than it's worth.

I know whereof I speak about these two women. Through circumstances of my own, I'm proud and a little embarrassed to say I fucked them both. The events that led up to my getting head from both Linda Lovelace and Seka are intimately tied to the fact that I am a well-known adult film critic, so I can't say for sure that it was my animal magnetism that attracted them. All I know is that I found myself at two very different times with two very different heads in my lap, and that as a firsthand participant in both women's sex lives, I can shed some light on the issue.



Getting deep-throated by Linda Lovelace was more an achievement, like getting a merit badge in the scouts, than a rewarding sexual experience. In fact, it was a lot like losing your cherry: you don't enjoy the act itself very much, but you sure as hell enjoy the fact that you did it.

For one thing, the room was cold — much colder than Linda, who seemed determined that I have a good time. Contrary to what she now says, I saw no-one with a gun to her head during any of the many instances I spent time with her. There was certainly no coercive element to me fucking her; I know that if there was, I would have been turned off immediately. She seemed to genuinely want to have me enjoy her, but she didn't seem to know how to accomplish it.

I was sweating despite the chill, intent on performing, as is the typical male's wont. I noticed about Linda a lack of flair, a lack of nuance. Hers was a straightforward approach to sex that was totally bereft of mystery, which can be summed up in two words: no imagination.

Bare to the waist, but with her tunic on to hide a surgery scar, Linda assumed the classic deep-throat pose, her head over the bed, her throat open to well-lubed velvet glide. I saw, I came, I even took photos. The event was over. It was empty, bereft of meaning.

Getting a blowjob from Seka was the Fourth of July compared to the chill of Lovelace. Lovely Seka has more than a hint of the dominatrix to her, and she handled the whole relationship with the ease of an adept. I was teased

and squeezed before we ever got to the apartment. I remember she flashed a hard-nippled tit at me on the street beforehand, giving me (and quite a few passersby) a taste of what was ahead. The world seemed fun, intoxicating.

"Do you want to come, Al?" she kept asking me. "Do you want to come?" Yes! I kept answering. *For Chrissakes, yes!* I tried saying "yes" in other languages, I pleaded with her, I begged for it. "Do you want to come?" By the time she lowered her oveny mouth on my dork, it felt like volcano meeting volcano. She slurped and laved my dick for what seemed like hours, but what was, she assured me afterward, only 15 minutes. When I came, I felt like it was the come of God.

She got me high again, later, going down on her. "You eat pussy like a bull dyke, Al," she said after climaxing. I felt like nominating *her* for president. All in all, the experience was shared, mutual, a carnal conspiracy. I felt assured that Seka not only loved fucking, she was good at it.

Seka versus Linda Lovelace. Lovelace later felt ashamed by her exposure in *Deep Throat*. She played on her own fear of sexuality, a quiver of which I felt when she was beneath me. And she played on a community-wide fear, also a suspicion about sex that comes from centuries of indoctrination. She is, in a sense, more of a dupe now than she ever was, more of a victim now than then — a victim of the Puritan approach to the world.

Seka, on the other hand, is a free woman engaging in fucking because she likes it. Oddly enough, she presents a clearer feminist vision than Linda Lovelace Marciano ever can. Seka is a successful entrepreneur. She is at home and alive in her body. Even now she shrugs off age as if it were a slight cold.

Wrong as it is to judge someone solely on how they approach the act of love, I can't help thinking someone with a positive, active sexuality is a better model than someone who is negative and essentially passive. Seka or Lovelace? It really is no contest. — Al Goldstein

Illustration by Frames

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

JONATHAN CHESTER

HOME: Sydney.

AGE: 37.

PROFESSION: Photo Journalist, Antarctic expert, mountaineer.

HOBBY: Scuba diving. "It's called going to extremes."

LAST BOOK READ: "Up Mount Everest Without A Paddle", Derek Nimmo.

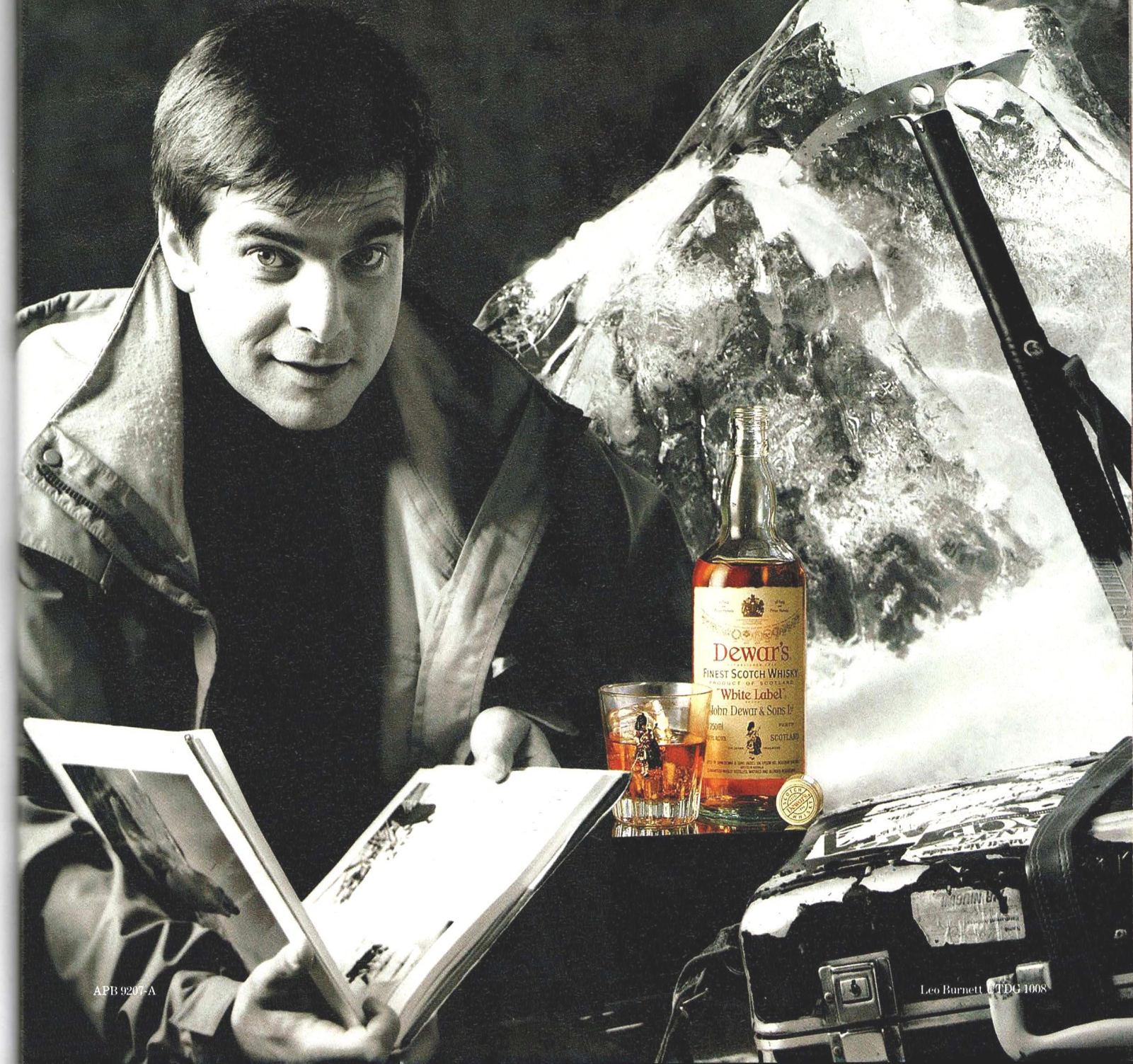
LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Climbing 4,163m Mt. Minto in Antarctica. "Wind chill -60°C. It's moments like these you're glad you've packed your thermal underwear."

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SHOWDOWN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

"I've never been the kind of girl to hide anything," confesses sizzling Krista Lee. "I expect nothing less of men. I have to have everything right out in the open."





"Occasionally men try to keep secrets from me — but I can tell in an instant that we're heading for a showdown."







"Men, especially, seem to like to keep things to themselves. The trouble is that they're often the most interesting things about them. It's much more fun to share."



IT'S THE AMAZING

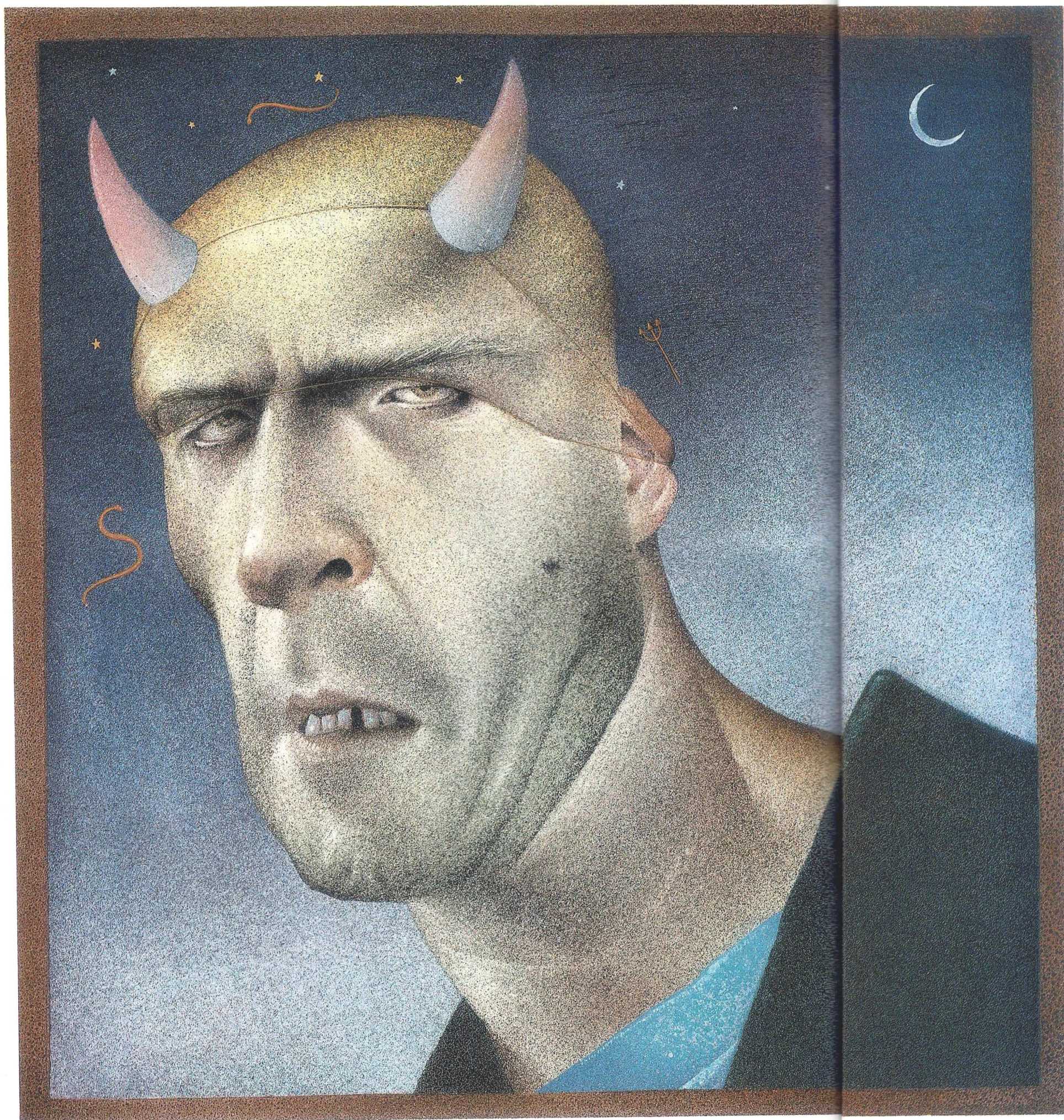
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KANTOR'S GALLERY



Should all murderers be denied the defence of insanity?

BY PAUL R. WILSON

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

Robert Peter Tait was described in his 1961 trial as "a sexual psychopath, a sadist, a masochist and an alcoholic." He was convicted and sentenced to death for the sexual assault and murder of an 82-year-old widow. He punched, stripped, and sexually maltreated the woman in what was then described as one of the most brutal crimes ever committed in Victoria.

The question of his sanity became central to the killer's defence at his trial.

Initially, Melbourne psychiatrist Dr Allen Bartholomew argued that Tait was legally sane. Found guilty, Tait was due to be hanged. Yet at midnight, just before he was to be executed, a new law came into force removing the term "lunatic" from the *Mental Health Act* and replacing it with the broader term "mentally ill." This widening of the legal definition of insanity allowed Dr Bartholomew to certify Tait, thus saving him from the gallows.

How can a man be judged sane and responsible for a murder and then, a short time later,

MAD OR BAD?

MAD OR BAD?

be considered insane and not responsible for the same killing?

Dr Thomas Szasz does not know. He has argued for more than 20 years that all murderers, no matter how horrible their crimes, are perfectly sane. Szasz's world famous book *The Myth Of Mental Illness* encapsulates this view. In it, this unconventional psychiatrist suggests that the concept of insanity, as well as the view that some killers are mad, are myths perpetrated on a gullible public.

Yet this quiet and conservative doctor has not been particularly successful in swaying the community at large towards his views. Both in Australia and the US, most people assume that those who engage in bizarre behavior or who indulge in the most bloodthirsty crimes do so because they are insane.

Politicians and public officials generally subscribe to the "illness" view of extreme behavior. Killers, and their defence lawyers, often resort to similar explanations, although they use a more sophisticated vocabulary to excuse murderous acts when standing before a judge and a jury. Frequently, as in the case of Tait, such pleas have saved defendants from the gallows.

The fickleness of psychiatric testimony is also illustrated in the case of Sydney's Leonard Keith Lawson, who, like Robert

Tait, committed an horrific sexual crime in the early Sixties. Lawson tied up and stabbed to death a 16-year-old girl while he was on parole. Like Tait, he was described as a "sadist", a "psychopath" and a person with "sexual aberrations." Yet the jury took only 17 minutes to find Lawson sane and guilty of murder.

But sometimes juries are swayed by psychiatric testimony suggesting that bizarre acts arise out of bizarre and irrational minds. In 1981, John Hinckley attempted to assassinate US President Ronald Reagan and was acquitted by reason of insanity. The jury found that the would-be assassin was insane at the time he committed the act and therefore not responsible for his behavior. At Hinckley's trial, defence psychiatrists argued that the young man was driven by delusions about the young actress Jodie Foster.

Hinckley had seen the film *Taxi Driver* no fewer than 15 times and had fallen passionately in love with Foster, who played the part in that film of the girlfriend of Travis Bickle, the central character.

In the film Bickle stalked a political candidate with the intention of killing him. Hinckley believed that by emulating Bickle and killing a political figure — Ronald Reagan — he would win Jodie Foster's love and respect.

The storm of protest that flowed from this verdict was even stronger than the outcry that occurred in the earlier case of Dan

White, the dual killer of San Francisco's Mayor and City Supervisor.

The prelude to the killings began when Mr White lost his job as a City Supervisor. He was a militant heterosexual in a city renowned as the gay capital of the world. One of the City Supervisors, Harvey Milk, was a vocal homosexual who had a close personal relationship with the Mayor.

Dan White, seeking vengeance for his sacking, took his police gun and ten extra bullets and went to City Hall. To avoid the metal detectors placed at the entrance doors of City Hall, White crawled through a window. He then made his way to the Mayor's office and apparently talked amiably with him for a few minutes, then shot him twice in the body.

He then shot the Mayor twice more in the head before proceeding to Mr Milk's office. The City Supervisor was shot three times in the body and, when lying wounded on the floor, was shot twice more in the head. Having completed his task, Dan White left the building, went to his local church and handed both himself and his gun over to the priest.

Despite the careful and obviously planned nature of these killings, the defence produced five well-qualified psychiatrists and psychologists who solemnly testified that he was not responsible for the crime because he had "diminished capacity." Instead of receiving, as he would have if convicted of murder, a life sentence, Dan White was sentenced for voluntary manslaughter and has subsequently been released from prison.

Bizarre as these American cases are, a recent Australian case has elements of both the Hinckley and White shooting sprees. On New Year's Day 1988, a 38-year-old man, Ray Goolagong, cold-bloodedly shot to death an 18-year-old girl.

Cold-bloodedly? Apparently not, if the psychiatrists are to be believed. According to a Sydney forensic psychiatrist, Dr Hugh Jolly, Mr Goolagong suffered from a condition known as "erotomania", which was at least partly responsible for the killing.

Erotomania, for those not conversant with psychiatric jargon, is hardly some exotic sexual disease. Rather, it is defined as a chronic illness in which sufferers imagine another person is in love with them. Dr Jolly described the illness as one which can affect both men and women. In the past, he argued, it had been known as "psychose passionelle" and as "old maid's folly" because it was associated with the feelings elderly women sometimes held for men of a higher social position than themselves.

One of the characteristics of this "illness" is that feelings of warmth and love can change quickly to anger and hatred as a result of the other person not responding to the overtures.

Evidence at the trial suggested that Mr Goolagong suffered from the "delusion" that his victim had asked him out and then snubbed him. Mr Goolagong, in other words, was spurned by a woman half his



"Andre . . . make that two orders of battered chicken. . . ."

MAD OR BAD?

age, felt terribly jealous about her rejection (fell "ill" or suffered from "erotomania" if you like), and so killed the object of his desire. If he wasn't to have her, neither was anyone else.

But in the Disneyland world that marks the legal concept of mental illness, Ray Goolagong did not, apparently, deliberately murder the girl. Instead, he killed her but it wasn't really deliberate. Mr Goolagong was found guilty — not of murder, but of manslaughter, on the grounds of diminished responsibility.

The concept of diminished responsibility is one that frequently appears in the courts of Australia, the UK and the US. The plea, when it is used by the defence, is in effect a halfway house between legal sanity and insanity. In this country only NSW and Queensland have adopted the defence of diminished responsibility. Though legally complex, the plea follows from the appropriate UK Act referring to an abnormality of the mind "whether arising from . . . arrested or retarded development of mind, inherent causes . . . disease or injury" as it substantially impairs mental responsibility.

What the court actually does is to say that a person knew what he was doing, but because of special circumstances the full severity of the law should not be applied. Diminished responsibility juggles two dra-

matically opposed doctrines: free will and determinism. As critic and jurist Lady Barbara Wootton has argued, it attempts "to ride two horses simultaneously in opposite directions."

Those found guilty of causing death by reason of diminished responsibility are disposed of as both mad *and* bad, as both patient and criminal, as both criminally responsible and not criminally responsible. This was how Dan White was dealt with when he killed both the Mayor and City Supervisor of San Francisco.

It was also how Irene Watson, a 60-year-old Sydney woman, was dealt with when she was convicted last year of killing her husband by repeatedly bashing him on the head with an axe as he slept. According to psychiatric evidence presented at the trial the woman suffered from "delusions of persecution" and a delusion that her husband had been unfaithful to her. She was found not guilty of murder but guilty of his manslaughter and Justice Slattery sentenced her to just six years jail, saying: "I think it is one of the strongest cases of diminished responsibility I have ever seen."

Perhaps it was — but this was of little consolation to her very dead husband. The wife, in all probability, will spend most of her sentence in a nursing home. If she had been found insane rather than guilty of manslaughter (by reason of diminished responsibility) her time would have been spent in a mental hospital.

The insanity defence is one step up from that of diminished responsibility. The defence of madness also more firmly rejects any concept of personal responsibility or "badness."

To fully understand the defence of insanity we must first understand what are known as the M'Naughten Rules. In one form or another, these rules apply in all Australian states, many areas in the US and in most Commonwealth countries. Though other insanity defences exist in certain jurisdictions, it is the M'Naughten Rules that still dominate legal views of madness.

The rules arose from a famous 1843 British case in the trial of The Queen v Daniel M'Naughten. The facts of this case: Daniel M'Naughten was a Scottish woodcutter who assassinated Edward Drummond, secretary to the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, in the mistaken belief that the secretary was the Prime Minister. M'Naughten, who was described during the trial by nine medical witnesses as "an extreme paranoid entangled in an elaborate system of delusions", believed that the Prime Minister was responsible for the financial and personal misfortunes that were continually plaguing him.

So convincing was the defence's plea that at the end of the trial the Lord Chief Justice told the jury that he could not but note that "the whole of medical evidence is on one side — that it seems almost unnecessary that I should go through the evidence."

The judge then instructed the jury in these terms: "If, on balancing the evidence in your minds, you think the prisoner capable of distinguishing between right and wrong, then he was a responsible agent and liable to all penalties the law imposes. If not . . . then you will probably not take upon yourselves to find the prisoner guilty. If this is your opinion then you will acquit the prisoner."

And this is exactly what the jury did. Though M'Naughten was sent to a mental asylum, Queen Victoria, the House of Lords, and the newspapers of the day bitterly disapproved of the verdict. The attempted assassination was the fifth attack on English sovereigns and their ministers since the turn of the century and the community clearly did not believe that the verdict — and a non-prison sentence — was sufficient recognition of the seriousness of the crime.

From this case the M'Naughten Rules have developed. Though insanity defences in different jurisdictions vary, most are based on these rules. To succeed with an insanity plea it must be shown that a person has a mental disease or was so irrational that he (or she) did not know the nature of the act — or that if he did know, he did not know he was doing wrong.

Obviously these rules leave much to be desired. If you or I shoot a government minister because we believe that his policies were responsible for the collapse of our business or some other financial catastrophe, are we sane or insane? If we were hallucinating, or hearing voices that told us

to shoot the official, chances are that a jury would find us insane. But what if we really believed that we had a perfect right to shoot the minister, given the damage that politician had inflicted on our business or financial affairs? How would the jury react? No one really knows because the dividing line between "mad" and "bad" can be extremely difficult to distinguish.

This dividing line can be particularly difficult for a jury to determine if there is a deliberate attempt to feign insanity. It is, of course, no coincidence to note that in Australia insanity pleas were particularly popular when convicted murderers were executed. But even with the abolition of the death penalty, attempts are still made to fake madness.

Robin Reid and Paul Luckman were two soldiers who, in 1982, kidnapped a 13-year-old boy and slowly tortured him to death. It was one of the most brutal crimes in Australian history and the two were caught only because of some clever and persistent police investigation.

When they were captured, Reid, the elder of the two killers, wrote a note to his young partner in crime suggesting that they feign insanity by talking of their overwhelming fantasies and hallucinations.

Their attempt to appear insane was partly reinforced by psychiatric evidence. Dr Oscar Schmalzbach, at the Reid and Luckman trial, simplified what he saw as the motives for murder. Those who deliberately kill, Schmalzbach suggested, are "those who are mad, those who are bad and those who are mad and bad. I put Reid in the category of mad and bad."

Paul Luckman, according to Schmalzbach, was just plain mad. The psychiatrist pointed out that Luckman, who had attempted suicide in the past and considered himself to be a transsexual, was a "psychopathic personality." Though Dr Schmalzbach would undoubtedly disagree, his opinion gives credence to the views of Dr Thomas Szasz — that we often transform crime into illness, law into medicine, penology into psychiatry and punishment into therapy.

The jury at the trial, though, were presented with another interpretation of the killing. The Crown and the police suggested that Reid and Luckman had conspired deliberately to murder a person both for sexual gratification and for the sadistic pleasure of the act.

One factor which undoubtedly swung the jury towards a "guilty" verdict — thus presenting the two killers as bad rather than mad — was the production by police at the trial of the actual note in which Reid suggested to Luckman that they both feign insanity.

But what would the verdict have been without this police evidence? Would Dr Schmalzbach's testimony have tipped the scales towards the "mad" verdict just as similar psychiatric evidence had in the John Hinckley or Dan White cases?

Are we, as a society, to excuse killers for their action because of "erotomania" or "psychopathic personality" or any other trendy psychiatric label? Though these mental labels are often used in insanity defences it is relevant to note that those who suffer other problems, such as migraines, severe arthritis or stomach ulcers, are not able to offer these physical conditions as legal excuses for their criminal actions.

Where do the jealousies of the suspicious spouse cross the line that separates the inconsiderate from the crazy? When do the political assassins and the serial killers stop being described in law as insane because of alleged childhood beatings and masturbatory fantasies? These are almost impossible questions for a jury to answer and one wonders whether they should be asked to judge the impossible.

Increasingly, citizens are arguing that people have to take *some* responsibility for their actions and *always* have a choice in how they act. The amount of choice may, by virtue of mental condition, social circumstances, or whatever, be limited. But a choice is always present.

It is time that we made a choice. Either we regard killers as sane and deal with them accordingly or we regard them as insane and, though excusing them of their crimes officially, punish them by treating them as persons who are less than human because we have defined them as mad.

In the US outcries over the Hinckley and

White cases have led some legislators to deal with all killers as though they were sane and responsible for their actions. Two states, Montana and Idaho, have abolished the insanity defence entirely and many others have modified the insanity defence to compel the offender to assume greater responsibility for his or her criminal acts.

In Australia no such move in this direction has yet been made. Insanity and diminished responsibility defences still exist and high profile murderers, both in their trials and in the mass media, are often described as "madmen" or "monsters."

By describing the killer in these terms we not only deny the criminal responsibility for his or her action but also mystify the real causes of much of our contemporary violence. High homicide rates relate to such factors as the worshipping of violence, lax firearm laws and community divisions.

By abolishing the defence of insanity — and where it is applicable, that of diminished responsibility — we place the onus for murderous action back on the shoulders of the killers. In the process of doing this, though, we also assist in educating the public to see that murderers are products of the same community that we ourselves are part of and help to create. And, in defining killers as "bad" rather than "mad", we remove psychiatrists from an area of law they should never have intruded into. 

Paul R. Wilson is a writer and criminologist



"I've always wanted to direct."



FLYING HIGH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN COPELAND

Life as an air hostess has its ups and downs, according to 24-year-old Maria Weldon. "For me there was nothing more exciting than fulfilling a strange man's fantasies at 35,000 feet — which I've done more than a few times. But it simply isn't a normal life . . ."











Maria, for her own reasons, won't reveal which airline she flew with — "But I have a hunch there's a few men who might feel a bit of nostalgia when they see me here."



Ian Botham

●All I can say is I mightn't be a very good cricketer, but I'm certainly all right as a bloke●

PART 1

BY GREG HUNTER

When this issue of *Penthouse* reaches the newsstands, the Australian cricket team will be partway through another campaign to regain the Ashes from the Old Enemy. Although the battle will be fierce as always, every fan of the game at both ends of the antipodes will be vastly disappointed if the England line-up does not include the name I.T. Botham. An Ashes series without Ian Botham? Not unthinkable — but pretty damned unappealing.

Having finally recovered from a major back operation which saw him out of the game back in May 1988, Botham had picked up a cricket ball again only one week prior to this interview, which took place in Brisbane last April while he was on a one-week tour with his English county team, Worcester. At 33, he looked remarkably fit — fitter, it seemed, than he has been for several years — but whether the Botham back, now incorporating a piece of pelvic bone used by the surgeon to fuse together two vertebrae, would stand up to the rigors of first-class cricket remained in the lap of the gods. Botham conceded he had no idea whether he could bowl in the Ashes series, but claimed his batting would not be affected and reckoned he was good enough to make the side purely as a batsman. Earlier this year England's chairman of selectors Ted Dexter, when asked if he saw a role for Botham, replied: "The Australians will be terrified at the prospect of Ian Botham coming back to biff them all over the place."

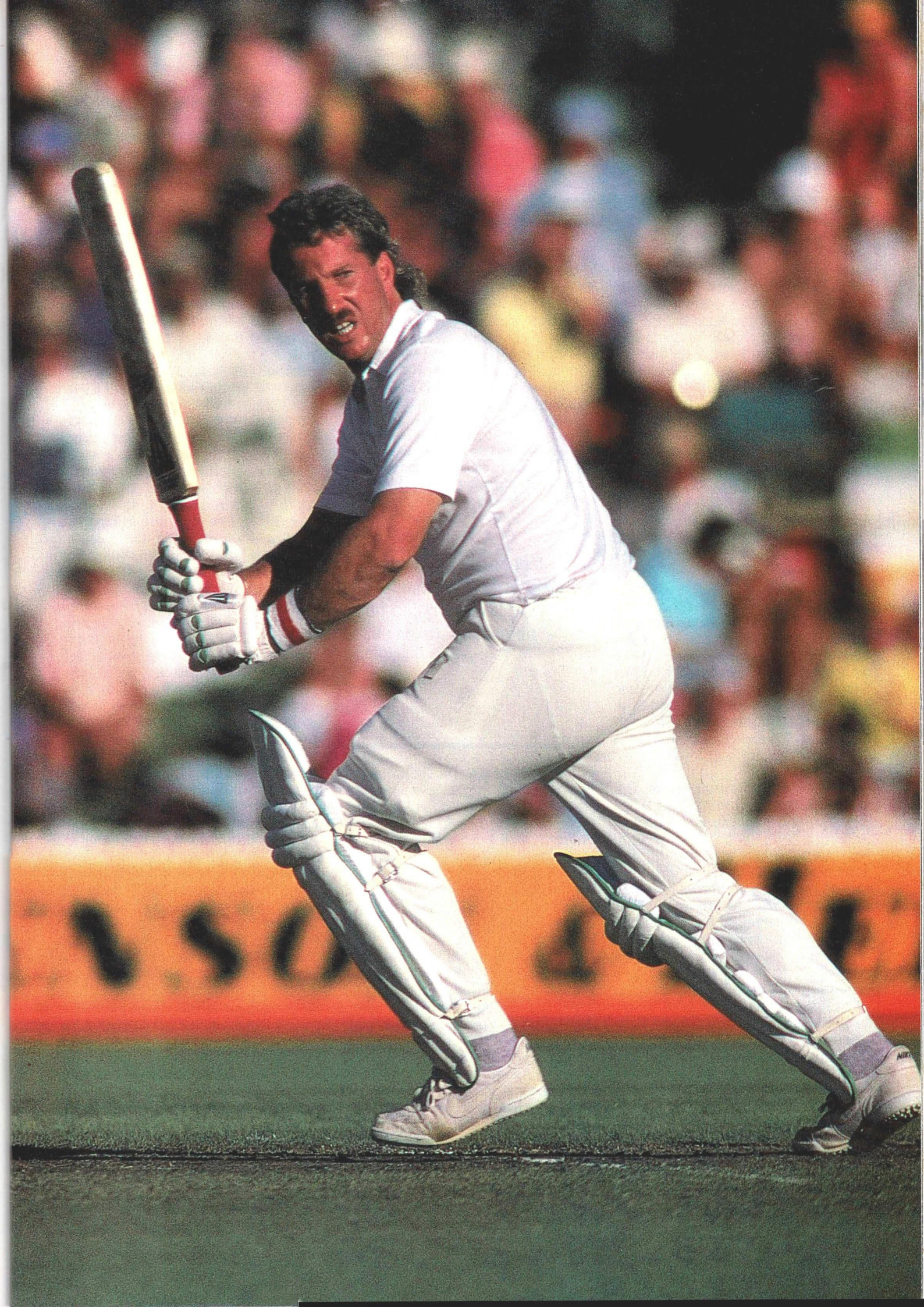
Indeed they will. Botham has few rivals as a hitter in the history of the game. In 1985, despite missing five matches through injury, he smashed a 50-year-old record by clubbing 80 sixes in a first-class season. With his cavalier (and markedly un-British) approach to batsmanship, Botham has almost single-handedly repopularised the ailing English game in the past decade. Only two questions have been pertinent for cricket watchers: "Is the match on?" and "Will Botham be playing?" There was always the possibility that he would come to the crease, as he did for Somerset at Edgebaston in that golden summer of '85, and smash 138 not out off 65 balls in 67 minutes. No-one privileged to see such an innings would ever forget it.

Botham is by far the most successful all-rounder England has produced. No other player in the world has completed the double of 300 Test wickets and 5000 Test runs. Yet many have questioned whether a Test bowling average of 28 and a Test batting average of 35 would qualify the man as a truly "great" all-rounder. With Botham, such quibbling misses the point. John Arlott, who has seen all the major players of the past 60 years and researched many others before that, reckons Botham is the greatest match-winner in Test cricket history. "That is why," says Arlott, "he is ahead of even Bradman — because Botham has bowled so many sides to defeat as well as scoring fast hundreds and performing brilliantly in

the field." Unlike so many cricketers who develop an obsession with their averages, Botham has never played with an eye to the numbers. Instead, as David Gower has said, "He picks up a game by the scruff of the neck and throws it out of the window."

And he has done that most consistently against Australia. The best example, because it epitomises the *Boys' Own* bravado and sense of theatre that characterises Botham's cricket, was his second innings performance in the Third Test of the '81 series. Australia had made 401; England had replied with 174. Kim Hughes enforced the follow-on and when Botham came to the wicket at 5-105 the odds were far worse than the 500-1 against England being offered by Ladbrokes at the start of that day's play. After remarking to his eighth-wicket partner, Graham Dilley: "You don't want to hang around here for the next two days, do you? Let's give it some Humpty!", Botham tore the Australian attack apart, finishing with 145 not out and providing England with a lead of 124 — just enough to account for the hapless Aussies. It was an innings that no-one else could possibly have played, because no-one else would have believed an England victory possible. Ever since that series, in which he performed one miracle after another, Botham has been the nemesis of Australian cricketers. At times his dominance over them has seemed not merely physical but almost metaphysical, so badly have they often played against his bowling.

PHOTO BY JOHN KNIGHT



Ian Botham

Will he return as the Prince of Darkness in 1989?

In spite of his achievements, the jury is still out on Ian Botham, both as a cricketer and as a man. In Patrick Murphy's biography, Ian Chappell is quoted as saying: "I give Botham 0 out of 10 as a human being and not much more as a cricketer." It is true that he has regularly bowled appallingly — even petulantly — and still got wickets; with both bat and ball his luck has become as legendary as his off-field exploits. When Botham overtook Dennis Lillee's record of 355 Test wickets, many of the world's great fast bowlers, past and present, lamented what they saw as a huge injustice. For them the record books became readable again only when New Zealand's Richard Hadlee in turn overhauled Botham.

It turned out to be convenient to divide this interview roughly in two. Part 1 deals with Botham The Cricketer; Part 2 deals with Botham The Man. There are two reasons for this approach. Firstly, while the most controversial cricketer of this or any age has long been accused of believing himself to be "bigger than the game", from a journalistic point of view he's around about the same size. Secondly, Ian Botham, nicknamed "Guy The Gorilla", is a very physical man. Just ask Ian Chappell, who was once belted off his bar stool by an 18-year-old Botham. It did not seem advisable to ask, without first establishing some sort of rapport, how he felt about being described by the London *Sun* as "a foul-mouthed slob, a bullying lout, a drug-taker and a womaniser — and those are only his good points." As they say on *60 Minutes*, all that and more coming up in Part 2.

Penthouse: When this interview appears the Third Test at Edgbaston will be in progress. How will the Australians have gone so far?

Botham: The big problem for the Australians, I think, will be their lack of experience in English conditions. I was amazed that — well, there's only really Boon and Border in the batting line-up with Test match experience in England. That seems strange when you've got guys like Graeme Wood and Greg Ritchie, who've both performed well this summer for their states, and yet they've been ignored. I'd have thought the Australians would have covered themselves a bit more. Then again, someone like Tom Moody could have a great series.

Penthouse: If you're not able to bowl, will you be nervous about the fact that for the first time in your career you'll have to make runs, rather than having two strings to your bow?

Botham: Not really. The way I look at it, if it wasn't for the surgeon I'd never play again anyway. So he's given me a new lease of life, and if anything I think I'll be more relaxed than I've ever been... But at the moment,

everything I've asked the back to do, it's responded very well. If it continues to progress as it has, who knows? By the time the Test series starts I hope to be there as a genuine all-rounder, so I'll be there whenever the captain wants — hopefully.

Penthouse: What do you want to achieve in cricket before you retire, or is there no point in setting goals at this stage?

Botham: Well, I've never really set goals. Basically I've just let it happen, believed in the force or whatever. But I think I'd like to get the 400 wickets, simply because it would give me the unique double of 5000 runs — who knows, it could be 6000 or 7000 by then — and 400 wickets, and I don't think that'll be equalled by an all-rounder in my lifetime, so that would be a nice thing to go away with at the end of the day. But I'll take it as it comes.

Penthouse: At 33, you'd reckon you're not even into the twilight years as far as England players go?

“
We had
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respect, there's got to be
something wrong
there.”

Botham: No, not at all. I'm just a baby. Hah!

Penthouse: Although an all-rounder can't really expect to last as long as a spinner, or even a batsman, can he?

Botham: I think it depends on how fit you keep yourself. That's something I didn't do a lot of — I was lazy in that department, basically because it takes an injury like mine for you to realise: "I've got to do something." I suddenly realised I wasn't perhaps giving it the best chance.

Penthouse: Who would you prefer to be playing under — Gower or Gattling?

Botham: I enjoy playing under them both, but if I had to choose between the two I'd always go for David Gower, because I think tactically he's not so predictable. Also, Gatt was very much the British bulldog — "up and at 'em" sort of attitude — which is fine when you're up and at 'em and doing well, but when you're up and at 'em and you're not doing well, it's a bit hard to think that attitude is the best the captain can offer you. I don't mean that in a nasty way — it's just that in my opinion Gatt always had a problem communicating with his players. Not necessarily me, because I've known the guy a long time, but I've seen other players think:

"Well, what's he actually want me to do?" But David has this ease — he relaxes you. You can actually feel the confidence that comes off him, and you can see other players get picked up by it.

Penthouse: Is either man as good at getting the best out of you as Mike Brearley apparently was?

Botham: I think this year no-one's going to have any problem. You could have Humpty Dumpty captain the side and it wouldn't make any difference. I want to do it, I'm that motivated.

Penthouse: You once said you were just getting the hang of captaincy when it was taken, in a sense, from you. Do you now wish you'd remained the England captain for the last decade, or does it not bother you?

Botham: I can't say I've been bothered about it for the last few years. There's been a lot of things I've felt were wrong with English cricket, over the last two years in particular, and I'm very pleased that [Ted] Dexter's the guy who's got the job now [as chairman of selectors] because he's now professional in the sense that he's getting paid for it, the players can relate to that, so now everyone's got their head on the block. If we don't perform we get the boot, if he doesn't perform he gets the boot, so we can all relate in that sense now. You see, in the past you just didn't know what was going on. Now we know that David Gower's got the job for the Ashes, so that's something no-one has to worry about. We had four or five captains last year. With all due respect, there's got to be something wrong there.

Penthouse: That's how the problem manifested itself, but can you be more specific about what was wrong?

Botham: If I say what I want to say, I'll be banned again when I get home. So I'm not going to. But I just think that what's happened — the way Dexter is there now and the way the game is going to be run — is a breath of fresh air for English cricket. I think you can work out what I'm getting at, anyway.

Penthouse: Does having him there improve your chances of selection, owing to the fact that he's a man after your own heart?

Botham: No. The media have to justify everything. They said to him: "If Botham's fit, would you like to play him?" Well, it's a pretty stupid question, isn't it? If you've got the best all-rounder in the country and he's fit, of course you want to play him. Especially with the record I've got against the Australians.

Penthouse: Why do you rate Dennis Lillee far and away the best bowler you've seen?

Botham: Dennis had everything. He had pace, he had control, he had movement, he could work the ball on just about any wicket. The only other bowler I've seen who had anywhere near that kind of control was Andy Roberts.

Penthouse: You've never compared your own bowling favorably with Lillee's, but how do you react to the view, often expressed by

former Australian Test Players, that as a bowler even at your peak you weren't fit to tie Lillee's bootlaces?

Botham: I think it's amazing how many ex-players suddenly forget what kind of player they were. They suddenly seem to think they were the greatest thing since sliced bread, and when you look at their record, it's none too impressive. My attitude is that there's 373 people out there who've played Test cricket who must be piss-all players, then.

Penthouse: It seems a lot of these critics haven't been able to come to terms with the way you get your wickets. You don't get them out all that often with the great delivery. You psyche them out or con them out. How do you do it?

Botham: The thing is, you can bowl so many great deliveries and very few of those great deliveries ever take wickets because they beat everything... they beat the edge of the bat, they go over the top of the stumps or whatever. But many a half-volley has been overenthusiastically hit by a batsman who's been tied down for an over or two. Suddenly he thinks it's a half-volley, it isn't quite a half-volley, and whack — mid-off catches it. Well, I couldn't care less if all my wickets are caught at mid-off, or caught at third man — they're out. Also, I feel that you can intimidate people by your physical presence. I mean, I believe on my day that I can get anyone out; I think batsmen know that's my attitude — and they don't know what I'm going to bowl. They don't know if I'm going to try to bowl an inswinger, an outswinger, a slower ball, a bouncer, a yorker — it could be anything. I mean, I often don't know myself until I'm about to let the ball go. And if I don't know, they've got no chance. I'm convinced that's why I've had a lot of success with the ball: because I'm prepared to have a go. I don't mind if I get hit out of the ground a couple of times, as long as I get the wicket in the end.

Penthouse: I've heard that if you're bowling to a mate you'll sometimes run in with your eyes shut or your tongue hanging out, trying to get him to laugh. Do you do that sort of thing often?

Botham: I only do it occasionally. Sometimes the game can be boring and you want to liven it up. I do things that perhaps other people wouldn't recognise, but the guy I'm doing it to knows exactly the point I'm making.

Penthouse: So, regarding the criticism that you're a lucky bowler — "the man with the golden arm" — are you one of those who believes the best poker player gets the best cards?

Botham: Well, everyone says "golden arm", but if you look at the number of overs I've bowled — I've had some great days, I've had some bad days — but the point is, I keep going. I mean, if you bowl all day and you want to bowl all day — if you keep saying to the captain: "All right, let's have that ball" — well, you don't get wickets unless you bowl. Luck is an important part

of any game, but I think the better players make their own luck.

Penthouse: Although it's obvious why you rate Richards the best batsman, is it possible to use the man's arrogance against him? How do you bowl to him?

Botham: Our friendship will always outweigh anything that happens, any situation. I could not possibly be nasty to him; he could not possibly be nasty to me. It just couldn't happen. So I'm in a slightly different position to the rest of the guys. People get intimidated by the way he struts around, but I don't see it as that [arrogance] because I know what he's doing, and they're reacting exactly the way he wants them to. He is a magnificent player.

Penthouse: Haven't you often used his desire to dominate — the fact that it's a personal affront for him to be tied down — to get him out?

Botham: With Viv, maybe more than with any other player, I would consider bowling line and length, line and length — with the very occasional something else. Because he would punish anything that was off-line anyway, probably better than any other player in the world — that's why he's the best player in the world — but the other thing that makes him the best player in the world is that when he's playing well, he punishes not only the bad ball but the good ball as well. So in that case I think, shit, I might as well give him as many good balls as I can and hope to God he misses one of them.

Penthouse: Are some players particularly susceptible to sledging, and others not, in the Australian team?

Botham: I personally don't go in very much for the sledging. Sometimes I've got angry — "Piss-all shot that was" or "Hold your bat still, son, while I aim for it"... that sort of thing.

Penthouse: You've always fancied that you could outblast even Richards with the bat. Do you still think, at this stage, that you can outblast anyone?

Botham: As I get older, I'm inclined to do less running. Hah! Natural instinct tells me it's more sensible to hit it over the fence.

Penthouse: Why do you consider yourself the best all-rounder of the current great all-rounders?

Botham: People are always throwing facts and figures around. They're very keen on numbers. Well, if you are keen on numbers, I've got 373 wickets, I've got 13 Test hundreds...

Penthouse: Fourteen.

Botham: Fourteen, is it? See, I'm not the best when it comes to numbers and I can't say I take a great deal of interest in them — but 14 hundreds, I've got 90-odd catches, I stand at slip and I bat at number six. What other all-rounder's got that? People are very quick to say: "You've only averaged so-and-so in this series." Well, if that's how they want to judge the game — and I don't

Continued on page 126



"Hold that smile, Louisa."

BY GLENN A. BAKER

PHOTO COURTESY AUSTRALIAN PICTURE LIBRARY

Rock icon David Byrne is so cool his nose is turning blue

When Bruce Springsteen found himself on the cover of *Time* magazine, his response was to show up at the gates of Gracelands in Memphis, demanding an audience with Elvis Presley.

A decade later, unceasingly eccentric and enigmatically aloof, Talking Heads' head talker David Byrne accepted the same honor with a little less drama. After being hailed by the magazine with the headlines: "Rock's Renaissance Man — Singer, Composer, Lyricist, Guitarist, Film Director, Writer, Actor, Video Artist, Designer, Photographer", the (then) 34-year-old iconoclast quietly slipped out of the country for a month. "It's a bit over the top to be flattered so much," Byrne insisted. "I figured, well, that's a little excessive so I'll just go away and it'll have faded in people's minds by the time I get back."

Instead of escaping his Stateside fame, Byrne ran headlong into its international manifestation. At the same Berlin Film Festival which booed the Oscar-winning *Platoon* for being obsessively American, Byrne's directorial debut, *True Stories*, was loudly cheered.

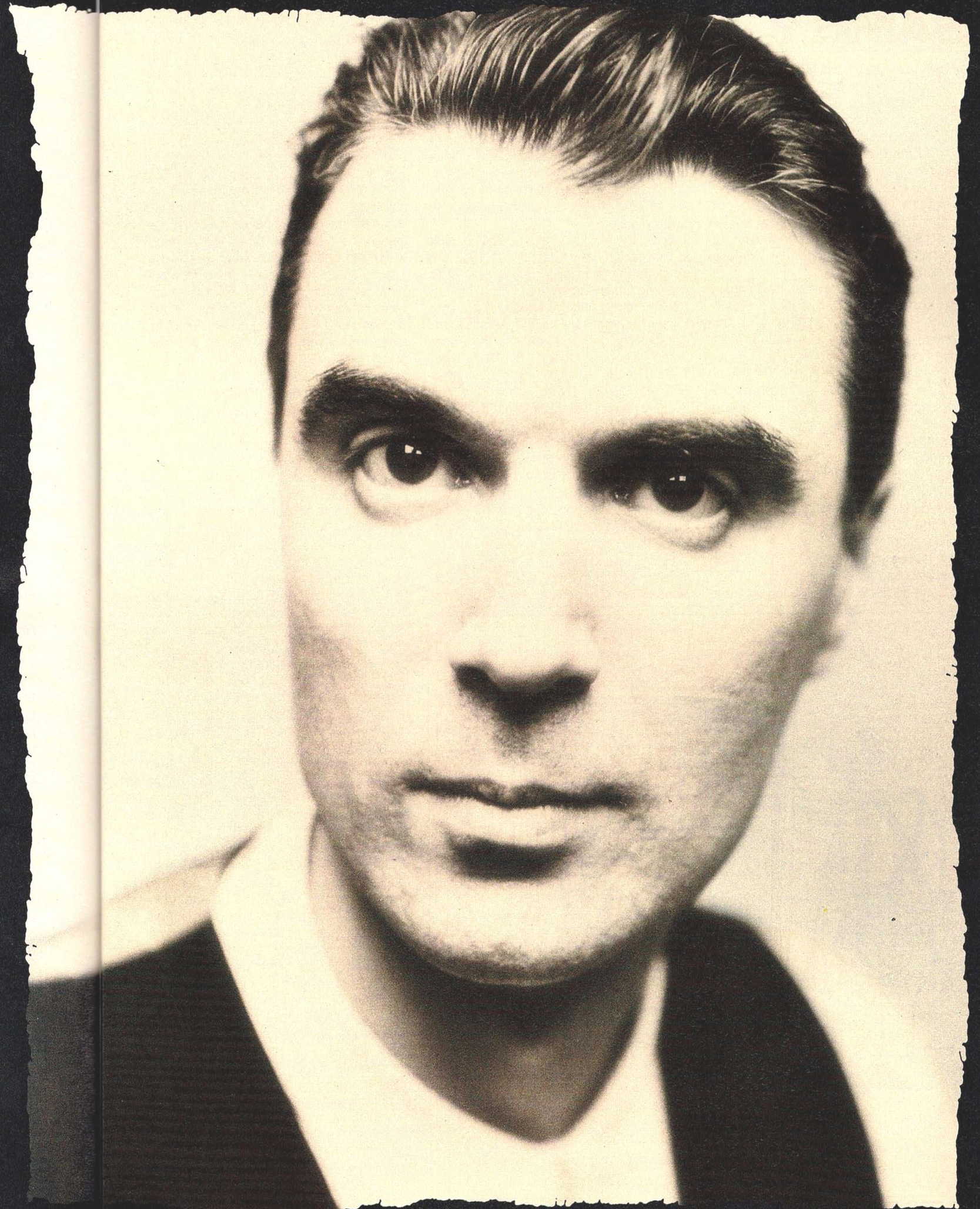
In Moscow, where I encountered the ever-thoughtful Renaissance Man, it was plain that the scope of his talents was understood and appreciated by Soviet citizens who could only have become aware of him through traded tapes and earnest word of mouth. Like Peter Gabriel, who, along with The Edge (U2), Annie Lennox, Chrissie Hynde and other rock luminaries, had joined Byrne in the USSR to launch the Greenpeace fundraising album *Breakthrough*, there was an unmistakable aura of rock icon radiating from his frail frame.

On the 16th floor of the vast Kozmos Hotel, wide/wild-eyed Byrne was playing ambassador. "I'm not as surprised, shocked or stunned by the Soviet Union as I thought I might be," he offered as an opener. "I'm actually thrilled to be in the 'Evil Empire.' The people are very nice. I'd love to perform here."

Byrne's low threshold for artistic boredom and his insatiable curiosity have

led him to some of the planet's more exotic corners. Through Talking Heads he investigated and then gave exposure to the indigenous musics of Southern Africa, Haiti, Cuba, Algeria and Morocco. His most recent venture has been a foraging expedition to Brazil, where he personally selected the tracks for a "David Byrne Presents" compilation album on EMI, *Beleza Tropical — A Collection Of Classic Contemporary Brazilian Songs*. It was no surprise that, while his fellow celebrities were making a show of looking in on some young Russian rock bands during the Moscow jaunt, Byrne had been out around the traps the night before listening intently to sounds that engaged his imagination. Robert Farris Thompson, the author of

**SAME
AS HE
EVER
WAS?**



SAME?

African Art In Motion, has tagged Byrne as a "musician-ethnographer", one who "points the way to the future, when rock masters will be noted for extraordinary acquisitions of multiple cultures in sound." Byrne is not adverse to the description. "I try to imagine myself in other people's positions; to enjoy what they enjoy, feel what they are feeling," he explains. "I enjoy talking to these people so much that things look different when I get home. I see myself as someone who tries to do whatever he's interested in, whatever seems most appropriate."

Of late, film scores have seemed particularly appropriate. Two Talking Heads albums — *Stop Making Sense* and *True Stories* — have been film soundtracks. From these stepping stones, Byrne joined Ryuichi Sakamoto in the creation of the expansive and emotive soundtrack for Bertolucci's *The Last Emperor*. He then contributed to Jonathan Demme's *Something Wild* and scored the recent box office bolter, *Married To The Mob*. His most recent screen project, as both musician and burgeoning filmmaker, is a one-hour African trance-dance documentary.

At the moment, half of Hollywood is waving scripts in his face — a situation which distresses him greatly. "A lot of them seem like good people and good films but I just can't do them all. Also, I don't want to

become stereotyped by doing just that. I know if I got serious about it I could really clean up financially but, for me, anything loses its thrill if you do it all the time."

Which is, of course, vintage Byrne. More restless than reckless, he is motivated, as German writer Erich Menckler once put it, "by the dread that people might find him ordinary. Despite his academic and uneasy demeanor, painfully shy Byrne maintains his unique and individual self-image by continually keeping his art as non-mainstream, as 'wacky', as possible."

David Byrne was born to Scottish parents in Dumbarton, near Glasgow, in 1952 and emigrated to the United States as a child, growing up in Baltimore. When he first began making musical waves, in a quintet known alternatively as the Artisticks and Autistics, he was a student at the Rhode Island School of Design. By 1975, when Talking Heads began playing at punk headquarters CBGBs, Byrne was a New York resident (and all that that implies). Today, he lives with Eurasian fashion designer wife Adelle Lutz in a trendy Soho loft, reverberating with the sound of Debussy and Dvorak, decorated with exotic art, and scattered with books and magazines on film theory with technique, art and obscure musical strains. Even around languid Greenwich Village, Byrne is so cool his nose is turning blue.

Fellow Talking Head Tina Weymouth likes to tell of one of the exceedingly rare occasions when she became aware of Byrne

losing his temper. She arrived at his Big Apple flat to find a smashed radio clock, which he admitted to having used as a frustration outlet shortly before her arrival. The punch line was that the clock was not working anyway and his rage only extended to the destruction of something worthless.

Conversely, the slow-to-anger Byrne has been known to raise his collaborators' ire with an often pedantic perfectionism, and with a fairly advanced sense of his own significance. There was one notable fracas within the band that arose from a cover feature in the *New York Times Magazine*. A writer and photographer were assigned to Talking Heads to observe them at work. What Byrne did not inform his three comrades of was the solo session that he had arranged with the photographer. When the feature appeared, Byrne was on the front cover and the text dwelled upon his genius. This incident, followed by a tell-all *Rolling Stone* feature, almost split the band. "We've patched it up since then, partly by talking, partly through time," he shrugs. "But there's always something niggling, because not everything gets solved by talking."

Despite the underlying tensions, Talking Heads has survived as a unit for almost 15 years, primarily because it provides a satisfying anchor for the four talented, often visionary members. "I don't see us staying together as a band because we like each other or because we're close friends," Byrne has revealed. "There is a catharsis that comes from injecting some of your individuality into a group and getting something bigger back. In my creative endeavors I really love working with other people." However, although he describes the current patch of group inactivity as a "sabbatical", he concedes the possibility that it may already be all over bar the recriminations. Which would truly be a great shame.

Talking Heads may have emerged from the nihilistic, anarchic punk boom of the mid-Seventies but they offered no kamikaze buzzsaw guitar assaults and encouraged no audience spit-ins. Instead they artfully tossed around the darkest black music rhythms, overlaid with aggressively adventurous electronic expeditions. Yet, far from being discordant, they came up with an invigorating, compelling and surprisingly danceable music which was totally original on one hand and almost wholly derivative on the other. Byrne once described it as "driving but melodious. Like the psychedelic stuff of the late Sixties but more refined, with much more to say." A British critic of the day rejoiced: "After all these years, someone can still take the five basic components of rock — a singer, a song, a guitar, bass and drums — and come up with something totally fresh."

"I think we made it okay to stretch out musically," Byrne mused in Moscow. "The success we had inspired other musicians by showing them that you can survive and make a living while still doing what you want to do. You don't have to be dictated to by

the marketplace. If you think of rock 'n' roll as being a specific music form, with body, attitude and stance, then a lot of what Talking Heads has been doing is outside of that tradition."

Byrne thinks and discourses a great deal on the state of rock 'n' roll and his standing in it. He recently told Robert Farris Thompson, "Rock music makes the obsessive okay and turns it into a creative act. At a certain point you realise that it's not enough to just be obsessive in front of an audience. There is also a craft to it and you have to achieve a balance between obsession and craftsmanship. Otherwise you're just screaming in somebody's ear."

"Rock's probably going to go two ways. There will be music from many cultures that crosses the generations, that speaks to the greater humanity that we are. At the same time I think there will always be younger musicians who have a more frantic set of hormones rushing through the body and they'll have something more immediate, more energetic, more of the moment, to contribute. It's about time for that to happen again."

If Byrne is offering his own redundancy, his creative output gives nary a hint. He stands as close to the musical edge as ever, helping to lead the rock community into realms it may well not have imagined. This became apparent with the release of the most recent Talking Heads album, *Naked*. Although recorded in Paris with the assistance of a number of North African musicians, the project began in New York a few weeks before departure when the band gathered in a small rehearsal studio and laid down some basic ideas on cassettes. From these brainstorming sessions came about 40 interesting "grooves" which were taken to France and worked upon, sometimes being fitted end-to-end, sometimes triggering completely different rhythm patterns. By the time the African musicians had contributed touches of an Algerian-Moroccan hybrid music called "Rau" and Byrne had upended his usual bucket of rap, funk, samba, tango and the indefinable over the proceedings, another spontaneous, exhilarating Talking Heads album was ready for the market.

If it is possible to recognise new directions or dimensions in this, the most diverse of all contemporary music careers, it would seem that social justice is Byrne's new impetus. Although he smilingly dismissed the Moscow Greenpeace launch as "a long way to go for a photo session", he was still there, shoulder to shoulder with his peers, not unaware of the value of his presence. "I thought the more of us who came, the more attention the project would get in the Soviet and international press."

Byrne is, predictably, a member of Greenpeace, Amnesty International and other concern and lobby groups but readily admits that giving money has largely been the extent of his association, beyond granting permission to include a Talking Heads song "City Of Dreams" on *Breakthrough*.

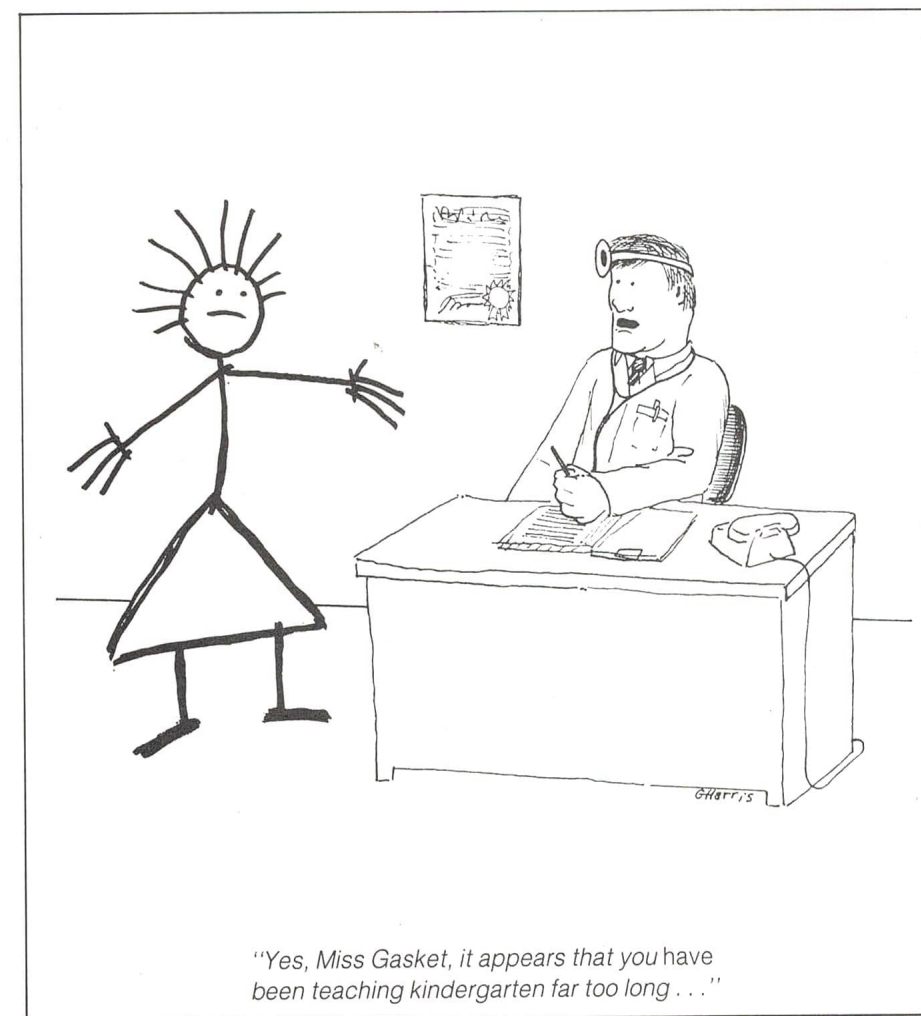
Now, as a result of some soul searching, his profile is about to change. "You'd be hard-pressed to find people who'd say they're against the environment," he ponders, "but it's a question of what they would give up and how much effort they would make to make the place more liveable. You do tend to get sort of numb to it. Every day in the newspaper you read about some new abuse — forests dying, animals disappearing, inedible fish. It seems like such a never-ending list that it becomes just too much to deal with. You can't seem to stem the tide."

"But we have to. I realised that in Brazil, where some pretty atrocious things are going on. I suppose it comes down to the socialism point of view that man is more important than anything else and you can trample down nature to benefit people. There's a certain amount of noble sentiment in that but at some point there has to be a balance. My perception is that, in Brazil, a good part of the problem is not with the country but with the World Bank pressuring those Brazilians who are cutting down forests to continue to do it at even faster rate to generate cash crops. The attitude is: 'You owe us money. Use whatever means, but pay us back.' That's the root cause of it. Brazilians are only as guilty of greed as everybody else. A lot of pressure comes from outside."

Byrne is prepared to talk with equal conviction about any issue you place before him. His disarmingly gentle delivery almost

belies an incisive mind that is able to accommodate any number of levels of informed thought. But, inevitably, he gravitates back to the comfortable core of his music and its peculiar tilt. "It's been clear," he insists, "that I haven't taken an easy road to commercial success. My material is often geared to connect in a very roundabout way. That's why Talking Heads is worth continuing. We've always kind of aimed ourselves at people who think the way we do — who can't stand what everybody else is listening to and who are tired of the whole synth-pop guitar sound. The four of us can always come back to this built-in delivery system, which is an ideal way to get some interesting new music and interesting ideas across."

Yet, for all the careful self-cultivation of Byrne's eccentric, off-beat, contrary public image, he does not sit easy with the general perception of himself as a detached, impersonal artist or man. He may have sung "Someday I believe we can live in a world without love" in 1978 but now, like the rest of us, he just wants to be loved. "I sometimes find it [his image] disturbing or unfortunate," he concludes. "My intention has always been for the musical structures or stage performance or even the lyrics to acknowledge their structure, to kind of let you know how they're put together. Maybe for that reason people find it detached. But my intention has always been to have a lot of feeling in my music." 





HUMOR BY JEAN NORMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

Women's rags

So you buy *Penthouse* for the articles. Ever tried reading a *women's* magazine?

Congratulations. It seems that by merely reading this magazine you've joined a sinister conspiracy against women. From the school of classic feminism we learn that men's magazines keep women powerless by portraying them as passive cows existing only for "male sexual gratification."

This is meek compared to the claims of the radical femmes. They're fond of blaming the mags for everything from wife bashing, VD, anorexia and feminine neuroses through to rape, torture and war.

It's a dangerous debate. Violence and misogyny have been part of our culture ever since we evolved from little snails, and certainly before anyone figured out how to print magazines, but when I recently tried to point this out to a person from Women Against Pornography (WAP) I got (a) accused of being a man in drag, and (b) my teeth kicked in.

Larry Flynt, the editor of *Hustler*, lost his balls. Twelve years ago in Atlanta he was gunned down by an occupant of a passing car and was left paralysed from the hips downwards. Speaking from his wheelchair, he wailed that his "manhood has been stripped from me in the prime of my life."

Various feminists later telephoned radio stations and newspapers proudly claiming responsibility for this guerilla tactic.

Yet nobody's ever thought of shooting the editors of women's magazines for the way in which they portray men (childlike morons, meal tickets etc) and feminists seem to have overlooked these magazines and their role in shaping women into oppressed, passive little zombies.

Anyone truly concerned about the woes of womankind should flick through a few of the magazines they read. Perhaps the reason why Valium's now so unpopular is that women's magazines have evolved into the perfect substitute.

Pandering to puerile romantic fantasies, lacking substance and offering pages and pages of glossy trivia, women's magazines still pretend to appear intelligent so that the reader can fondly fancy herself as a "thinking woman."

Like the people who used to prescribe Valium like lollies, the publishers of these rags presume the purchaser to be a snivelling ninny, confused, malleable, vain and thick as two planks. Perhaps they're right.

Men are presented as murky, mysterious, primitive beasts. The female's

role is to usher the slimy creature into civilisation. She should mould him like silly putty to fit her requirements, coax him into cooing, maudlin sentiment and finally settle him into placid domesticity. They imply that to fail at this irksome task is to fail at life, and that once programmed correctly a man can be expected to assume responsibility for the woman's physical, spiritual, mental and emotional well-being.

Their readers obviously have the concentration span of the household fly as year by year, issue by issue, the stories remain the same. Here is the standard contents of any women's rag on Earth — excepting feminist publications like *Sappho*, *Ms* or *Spare Rib*.

• The Care And Handling Of Males

For a women's magazine it is weird that over half of it is devoted to men. Typical topics are Why A Man Can't Say No; Male Pride; Why He Won't Say Yes To Marriage; How To Make Love To A Man; How To Tell If He Is Having An Affair; How To Avoid Conflict With Your Man; How to Flirt With A Man; How To Seduce A Man; How To Tell If He Really Likes You; Does He Spend More Time With His Mates Than With You?; How To Dump A Man; and How To Get Along With His Parents.

One story on How To Meet Desirable Men offered the suggestion that the reader drive round till she saw some Adonis in a Mercedes or similar. She was advised to gently ding into the side of his car and then sweetly leap out to go into winsome and apologetic mode. I checked this out with someone who qualified as an eligible victim; he said he'd "throttle the bitch."

Another article tells the reader how to differentiate between Mr Right and Mr Wrong. Helpfully, the magazine points out that Mr Right is amiable towards his female companion in life, intellectually compatible with her, thrilling in le sack, amusing, unable to bear a grudge, admired by his peers and pleasant to her friends and family. Surprisingly, Mr Wrong can be a compulsive gambler or a child molester, ridden with vile venereal diseases, a problem drinker, a drug addict, prone to violent outbursts, bad tempered, impotent, emotionally crippled, megalomaniacal, incapable of commitment, a pathological liar or a criminal lunatic.

• Revealing The Real You

Clearly the reader hasn't the faintest idea of who/what she is so her magazine tells her. "Survey Results — Here's What You Think!"

Quizzes are popular and pose profound questions like Are You A Femme Fatale?; Do You Really Love Him?; and Are You As Independent As You Think? The reader seems to be incapable of figuring these things out for herself — a condition usually associated with Alzheimer's Disease or lobotomy patients.

• The Problem Page

Retarded tarts write in ditheringly with hideous dilemmas. Perhaps her husband is a perverted wanker who pisses the family allowance away at the Turf Bar. Last week he broke her arm and she thinks he's molesting the family dog . . . *Should I leave him, she asks the agony aunt, or try and make it work? . . . I love him — I really do.*

The reply is written in a Thank God I'm Holier Than Thou tone and inevitably advises the reader to either (a) leave the bastard/home/school/job; (b) seek professional help this instant; or (c) try talking to someone about it.

• Miracle Diet

Obviously no miracle diet has ever worked in the past or they wouldn't keep running them. Often they have names like the Frenchwoman's Diet, or The Air Hostesses' or New York Models' Diet (their market research must reveal that their readers se-

Gruesome articles on anorexia and bulimia also feature, but well distanced from the diet pages

cretly desire to be French sky waitresses doing a bit of modelling in the States on les hols). They also run Doctors' Diets — quite bizarre as doctors are always in the worst of health. Gruesome articles on anorexia and bulimia also feature, but well distanced from the diet pages.

• Your Horoscope

These godawful pages generally feature a photo of some esoteric slut leering from the top of the page trying to look mystical. Nothing thrilling is ever predicted — except perhaps that the reader "may meet a man" that month, and that she ought to mind her health, be kind to small animals and children, water her pot plants, tidy the underwear drawer out, be more humble etc . . . just the normal nagging.

• Celebrity Profile

Invariably, these articles come straight from the star's publicist, who's hired some drunken hack to churn out trash making the star appear as rare and wondrous as Halley's Comet. Of course, it's always a hefty plug for the latest book/record/movie with a few banal quotes like: "The tabloids

got it wrong"; "I want to do a serious film next"; and "I'm a people person, really."

• Today's Woman

Ostensibly inspirational, all these features do is infect the reader with guilt and insecurity. There's always some sow with her hide and home gussied up for the cameras who craps on about how she hurries home (in her designer car) from the boardroom to fix a dinner party for ten, and how she quite favors avocado mousse (it keeps in the fridge) and how she writes poetry which she hopes to have published, attends positive parenting classes, makes her own muesli (so good for the children, of course) and attends charity balls ("doing one's bit.") No matter what their names are they all sound like the same woman.

• Tragic Tale

Knowing that many people feel a ghoulis, compulsive urge to stare at the aftermath of accidents, women's magazines provide morbid stories for the reader to pore over with fervor. The family of someone senselessly killed in a hit and run, a child with a weird and disfiguring disease, the victim of an horrific medical blunder — these are all candidates. If they can't find someone, they either do an animal tragedy or chase up the bereaved of something that happened years ago just to see how they're getting along.

• Beauty

"Beauty" articles might have an alternative title, something like: If You Don't Shell Out On Our Advertisers' Products You're Going To Look So Foul That You'll Never Get Laid Again In Your Entire Fucking Life. Constantly the reader is reminded that the aging process starts at 12, that she needs to maintain constant vigilance against cronedom, that beauty means sacrifice and living a boring life and that she needs to spend X amount on expensive potions (which the beauty columnist gets free, so feels free to recommend) to look even human, let alone staggeringly gorgeous.

• Health

Most issues include updates on the male Pill, in which the reader's told that it's imminent but that it is still giving men breasts and falsetto voices and that they're such jerks you couldn't trust them to take it anyway. She gets to read for the zillionth time what the other contraceptives are and how they fuck her up. There's usually a Killer Sex Plague item and if there isn't they tell you not to let AIDS distract you from worrying about warts, chlamydia, herpes and syphilis. The reader is warned that *everything* she does is basically carcinogenic and that menopause can strike as early as 38. Thought-provoking questions form the titles of such articles: Could You Be A Candidate For Cervical Cancer? Could You Be Pregnant And Not Know It?; Are You Infertile?; and Is That A Headache Or A Brain Tumor? 〇十一

Hair, makeup and styling by Susan Daub; Apparel by Risk; Pink underwear by Undies & Things; Shot aboard Fastlane 40, courtesy of Fastlane Marine (075) 39 5977.



jamie



Queensland's Gold Coast is

world-renowned for its

attractions, and continuing

that tradition comes the

beautiful Jamie Vanden

Hooven. Jamie, 18, is

originally from Cairns, but

her passion for nightlife

hotspots prompted her move.



Fever

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA



Jamie is a professional pulse-raiser, a dancer with the appropriately-named Fever group. "We don't disappoint our audience — going by the reactions we get," she says.





But all the world
isn't necessarily a
stage to Jamie. She
has her sights set
on a business
degree. "Someday
I'd like to be a
manager," she says.



Asked to describe herself, Jamie offers the comments that she's caring and reliable. Close friends of hers add, however, that it would be hard to get the complete picture from Jamie herself because of her modesty. "She's the best friend anyone could ask for," says someone who ought to know.





Jamie says she's attracted to all sorts of people — "But I can tell you that I'm not into muscles. I go for the rugged outdoors type of man — the all-Australian rough diamond," she says, "but totally sexy."





Love them
or loathe
them,
tattoos
have a
powerful
mystique

Oscar-winning actress and pop star Cher has four, including one the size of a lemon on the sole of her left foot. Bob Geldof's wife Paula Yates (of *Rock Stars In Their Underpants* fame) proudly displays half a dozen of them. *Working Girl* star Melanie Griffith bears one on the left buttock. Sydney model Celine (the girl in the Australia Post TV commercials) boasts an example in the same place.

It's not only women who qualify. Novelist Murray Bail has one on his shoulder. And there's a retired sailor named Jim Howell in rural Victoria who has hundreds, including 27 on his penis alone.

Tattoo. From the Polynesian *tatau*. But the Pacific islanders didn't invent tattooing. Modern Europeans first saw examples of the art when Cook brought back decorated Hawaiians from his journeys, and so they adopted the Pacific name. But, as

Skin DEEP

PHOTOS OF ANGRY ANDERSON BY PHILIP LE MASURIER
BY JOHN BAXTER



Skin DEEP

"pricking", the practice of tattooing had been around Europe and the Middle East for millennia.

Ever since the first caveman discovered that rubbing soot into a cut would heal it in a raised black line, people have been scarring and decorating themselves. The skin of Egyptian dancing girls mummified a thousand years before Christ shows that they decorated themselves with simple geometrical tattoos. And the corpse of a Scythian warrior chief dug out of a Soviet swamp was so well preserved that archaeologists could still make out the tattoos that covered his arms, chest and legs: horses, cats, fish — his pets and his prey.

The Scythian believed that tattooing an animal on his body gave him magical powers over it. And those Egyptian prostitutes knew that the faint blurred blue lines of tattoos across their belly would inflame their customers as nothing else could. In more than 20 centuries, not that much has changed.

The tiny room on the first floor is stuffy, hot with the smell of sweat. Outside, Sydney's afternoon traffic rumbles. But we, the two women and three men in the room, hardly hear it.

Our attention is focused totally on a nude girl, heavy-breasted, dark-haired, voluptuous. She's sprawled across the petals of a gigantic purple flower. Available. Eager.

And across her, crushing the breasts, spreading wider the already parted thighs, is the vast black and gold figure of a tiger.

The woman and her tiger mate are part of a picture being painted before our eyes — painted not on paper or canvas but on the bare shaved skin of a man's upper thigh. And not with oil paint or acrylic laid on with a camelhair brush. This artist uses a buzzing metal tool that seemingly extends the fingers of his right hand — a tool that, every few seconds, he dips into tiny pots of color.

Tony Cohen, master tattooist, is at work.

From time to time, he mops a white cloth across the tinted skin. It comes away smudged with purple ink and spots of blood.

There's a palpable air in the room. Both women in particular watch with hungry attention. One later tells me she fantasised herself on the padded table, supine, exposed, the soft skin of her thigh probed by that hypnotically buzzing metal bug, the pigments spreading indelibly under her skin, forming a secret picture that she might expose only to those she chose to view her private gallery.

Cohen is Australia's ranking tattooist. With typical confidence, his studio on William Street is called The Illustrated Man, named for Ray Bradbury's novel of a homicidal circus tattooed man whose victims appear magically as part of the "monstrous

gallery" that covers his flesh. It's become a mecca for anyone who admires the art of ink on skin.

Art? Why not? Both tattooists and historians of tattooing are insistent that placing pictures on living skin is a skill infinitely too demanding to be called simply a craft or a trade. San Francisco poet Thom Gunn immortalised the term "Electric Rembrandt", and the label has stuck.

Tattooing, like any art, has its collectors and critics, its modern and its old masters. Australia's Alfred Mingins is as much a legend in the tattoo field as are Dobell or Nolan in theirs. Coming from a family of three generations of tattooists, Mingins' style was recognised world-wide. "He would do a 'back job' of an entire crucifixion," says one enthusiast, "that would be as distinctive a Mingins as a Canaletto is a Canaletto."

Cohen, a 25-year veteran, is proud of his work. He'll accept nothing less than parity with the great. To him, a major illustration on skin deserves as much planning, attention and persistence as any artist in paint and plaster accorded a mural in the past. "The longer you take to do it," he growls, "the more you're going to come up with new ideas. You've got to think how long it took Michelangelo to paint the Sistine Chapel. If he could have done it in a day, it probably wouldn't have been worth paying for."

If you just want a naughty souvenir to turn on your sexual partner or scare your folks, a tattooist will give you one — though not necessarily the one you want. (Would you ask David Hockney to draw you a cartoon?) "A lot of kids come in wanting swastikas on their foreheads and that sort of thing," Tony Cohen told journalist James Cockington recently. "They bring in drawings of silly

things and I just say 'No.' You gotta try and educate them, tell them that what they think looks good today won't necessarily look good tomorrow, but they don't listen. You know they'll just walk round the Cross till they find someone who'll do it for them — there's a mighty big backyard scene."

More than any other factor, the "backyard scene" and "home-mades" are responsible for the bad image of tattooing. Anyone can be tattooed, if they're prepared to endure enough pain and risk of infection. In prison, for instance, tattooing is a flourishing underground art. But since prison officers frown on it, the tools are usually primitive. Writing or ball-point ink is used, or, if that's not available, crushed match-heads. And the needle is a simple pin, or a bunch of them, tied to a matchstick or pencil.

The results can be imagined. A tattoo's durability depends on precision. Ink must be

THE NEEDLE AND THE DAMAGE DONE

Are tattoos dangerous? Can they be removed?

To understand what a tattoo is, you have to understand skin. "The human body," says a Sydney doctor, "is made up of three basic types of tissue. The endoderm, which is the lining of the gut, the mesoderm, which makes up the muscles and bones and structure of the body, and the ectoderm, which provides the nerves, the brain and the skin. So the skin and the brain are interconnected, extremely closely.

"The outer layer of the skin is dead keratin. The cells don't have a living nucleus. It sloughs off all the time.

"When you tear down an old house, most of the dust you find in the ceilings and the wall spaces is dead skin. As you get deeper into the skin, you enter the germ layer, where the skin is constantly being manufactured and pushed upwards. And under that is the blood supply: little loop-like blood vessels.

"When you're tattooed, ink is driven through the dead layer of the skin into the germ layer and just below it. The pigment goes *under* the active layer of the skin, and so it isn't incorporated into the layer that's actually shed. That's where it derives its permanence."

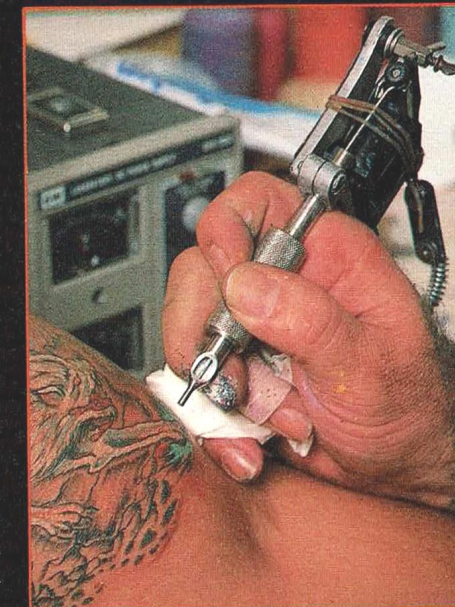
Does it hurt?

Oddly enough, opinions vary. Most tattooed people claim to have felt nothing more than a slight tingle, but since an element of bravado is inevitably attached to tattooing (not to mention quantities of alcohol), reliable evidence is hard to find.

Our doctor insists it *must* be painful. "The needle with the ink is driven right into the area of the nerves and blood vessels — the real workings of the skin. And your skin doesn't like being breached, because breached skin is an inlet for bacteria. You'll inevitably get pain."

Tattooists say much depends on what area of the body is being tattooed. Working on soft tissues — buttocks, back, arms, breasts — is relatively painless. Even the skin of the penis can absorb a great deal of punishment. But on the face, over the ribs, on the ankles — anywhere where bone is close to the surface — there can be real discomfort.

And afterward? Tony Cohen compares the effect to a mild sunburn. He puts a surgical dressing on the tattoo, and advises the new owner not to expose it to bright sun for a few days. By then, the pigment should



have spread beneath the skin to create the slight blurring that marks the true tattoo.

Can you get rid of a tattoo?

No. A tattoo is forever. You can tattoo over the original design with a chemical which bleaches out the ink, but this just leaves a reverse image, a white tattoo. Some medical centres such as Westmead

Hospital in Sydney's outer suburbs have experimented with tattoo removal, but the results are variable.

In the late Eighties, certain private clinics promised instant tattoo removal by means of an argon laser. To the anger of tattooists, they even advertised in newspapers, suggesting that by getting rid of tattoos you could improve your chances of marrying well or getting a good job. But few who endured laser treatment were satisfied with the result; the beam just burned away the skin, leaving an ugly raised scar. Today, the treatment is almost totally discredited.

Our doctor agreed. The only way you can get rid of a tattoo is to get rid of the skin on which it appears. And that involves surgery. But for those who have come to dislike their tattoos, it seems no price is too high.

"People do extraordinary things to get rid of tattoos," he says. "And they don't mind what sort of scars they have left. I remember one man who had 'Love' tattooed on one set of knuckles and 'Hate' on the other. He had them removed not by scraping the dermis but by just having them cut out. When the skin was sutured back together, it held. But when the stitches were taken out a week later, the wounds immediately sprang open. Now he has these ugly scars all over his hands.

"Another patient had a relationship with a Chinese tattooist. He covered her entire back in a tattoo of the Buddha holding a lotus flower. After the affair ended, she wanted to get rid of it. She had all the skin of her back scraped off down to the deep levels of the dermis. It took her some six months to recover from this. The beautiful picture of the Buddha was gone, and now she just has this acreage of burned looking flesh; keloids, strained and stretched and lumpy. But both these people still prefer their scars to the tattoos."

driven into exactly the right layer of skin, and while a professional tattoo rig guarantees accuracy, human eye and hand are less reliable. Because of the poor pigment used and the variability of the punctures, home-made tattoos invariably fade. Unfortunately, they usually fade in patches, leaving the wearer with something he or she would prefer to cover up. Professional tattooists spend hours wearily repairing the work of amateurs.

What do people ask to have tattooed on their skins? Most men, say the pros, will choose for their first tattoo "Mother" in a cartouche, or perhaps the more elaborate "The Sweetest Girl I Ever Kissed Was Another Man's Wife — My Mother." And a lot of them like a red heart with the name of a girlfriend tastefully superimposed. Why?

"They're frightened!" one needle-man explains with a grin. "They're going home with this thing on their arm, and they know they're going to get curry. The first person who sees it will usually be their mum or their girl. The silly buggers want to say, 'But I did it all for you, love'."

For around \$25, you can slip into the battered dentist chairs of tattoo artists anyplace and five mildly uncomfortable minutes later have "Love" put on one set of knuckles and "Hate" on the other, or a pair of boots tattooed on your belly so they look like they're disappearing into your navel. But it's not the kind of work these artists prefer. Facetious tattoos, they point out, have a tendency to backfire. It's rare, as in the case of Melanie Griffith, that a playful design, like the sprig of holly on her left buttock, can prove useful and attractive in later life: director Brian de Palma actually had her tattoo written into the script of his film *Body Double*, and re-named the porn star she played "Holly Body" as a justification.

Mostly, however, the joke quickly wears thin. And the backlash can be embarrassing. In the Twenties, a minor writer entered the salon of Sydney poet Christopher Brennan with a tattoo on his forehead proclaiming "To Let."

"Unfurnished, I presume," Brennan murmured acidly, turning the man overnight into a joke. In half a century, only the iconography has changed. One Sydney party girl proudly paraded around the clubs with her name on her left breast, until someone asked: "What do you call the right one?" An LA hooker had her nickname, Brandy, placed over a nipple. "What comes out of the other?" enquired an interested client.

A tattoo is a thing of the spirit, not to be entered into lightly. It's always been that way. In Polynesia, where the entire lower body, from nipples to ankles, is often decorated, the act of being tattooed is a rite of passage — and a test of endurance. A man is judged on how readily his skin absorbs the pigment and his body the pain. An ordinary man needs months to take a tattoo: a

great warrior will have the whole thing done in a day.

That's why most tattooists in the West provide an outer waiting room. Relaxing on its sway-backed sofas, there's time to calm down and get in the mood for the experience — or to repent of the impulse and slip into the street unnoticed. A good brothel offers the same service, an opportunity to decompress. And like the better bordellos, tattoo parlors provide visual stimulation too, and a sauce for your fantasies. The equivalent of tempting Polaroids of the available girls are the sheets of designs that decorate tattoo waiting rooms.

If you don't care to reveal your deepest fantasies on your first visit, you can choose the familiar — a cartoon character, like Sylvester or Tweetie Pie. For the more ambitious, there are Harley-Davidson emblems, Chinese girls in thigh-slit cheong-sams or hula girls in grass skirts, and any number of black panthers, cobras, dragons and

Any man who has slipped a shoulder strap to reveal a tiny design will know the erotic thrill of making love to a tattooed woman

dagger-stabbed skulls.

But don't expect someone like Tony Cohen to take these designs too seriously. They're mostly supplied in transfer form by American companies, and it will usually be an assistant who sticks it on your arm and tattoos through it. The true artists work mostly by inclination and inspiration. If a patron is interested enough, and prepared to endure the discomfort of a long stretch on the table, Cohen will spend months, even years on a body, turning it into a living panorama.

Andy Hicks, whom we saw having the girl and tiger added to his leg, holds the title Best Decorated Legs in Australia. A Sydney airman, he started with a couple of tattoos, then let Cohen have a free hand. Today both muscular legs are covered in intricate Japanese-style *horimono* tattoos of fish, flowers, and samurai warriors battling for a magic pearl on a secret island. And now, the girl and the tiger. For Hicks, his tattoos are part of a lifetime commitment. "I'm glad to have donated part of my body to the tattooed world," he says with pride.

Tattooing for men is bound up inextricably with war, masculinity, *machismo*. Tattoo

parlors flourish in tough areas: Sydney's Kings Cross, Melbourne's dockside Williamstown, port cities like Yokohama, Portsmouth and San Francisco's North Beach. And their clientele are mostly tough as the towns: bikers, hookers, servicemen, petty criminals, and thrill-seekers who'll try anything if they're encouraged by mates and get drunk enough.

Cohen admits that plenty of people come in with a gang of blokes and a dozen tinnies. He was drunk himself, he says, when he got his first tattoo, at 13. The crowd is there to egg them on, the beer to give them courage. But this reaction, he reckons, is mostly nervousness at the strangeness of the place and fear of what they imagine is a painful process. Once they've hung around in the Illustrated Man's waiting room and examined the sheets of designs pinned to the wall, fear gives way to fascination. After that, many get into the spirit of tattooing. A lot of Cohen's customers are repeaters. Tattoos, like salted peanuts, are seldom consumed singly, and the first "Mother" on a bicep will often be covered up as the years go by, absorbed into a vivid landscape of birds and flowers and foliage.

Just as Cohen himself doesn't do the standard tattoos most clients demand, he tends to avoid "special requirements." "With the navy," he growls, "a sailor getting a tattoo on his behind is quite commonplace. If you took a survey, you'd find that about 60 percent of sailors are tattooed, and 45 percent of them have them on their backside. Why, I still can't work out. I've got two women down there who do tattoos. If they want 'em on their backside, they can go and see them."

Obscene tattoos are a sub-culture all their own: a python wriggling down the back to disappear up the anus; an armpit tattooed with open legs so that the underarm growth duplicates public hair; a scrotum decorated with overlapping multi-colored scales to go with the penis tattooed in imitation of a snake . . . all these and more appear in the textbooks of tattoo art. Cohen acknowledges that he's sometimes asked to tattoo genitals. But he always refuses: "Not my idea of a good time." He makes only one concession to kinkier tastes. If a girl wants her breasts decorated, he'll often oblige. "Holding a soft white tit in your hand after a hard day," he says reminiscently, "isn't bad at all."

Jim Howell takes a pull on his Fosters tinny and looks a little nervously towards the closed door to the living room, where his wife and children are watching TV. Jim's been land-locked for a long time: could you get further from the ocean than this little Victorian town? But he still looks like what he was for many years — the sailor: cocky, genial, tattooed.

"I've gone in a lot for bird tattoos," he says. "I've got parrots in multitudes of colors. Greens, reds, yellows. And peacocks and eagles. Then hearts, panthers.

I've liked the Japanese geisha types so I've gone into those on my arms, and there's a large geisha girl on the middle of my back.

"On the rest of the arms, there's roses, and a sort of a small devil. On one muscle there's panthers, girls in bikinis, and a Chinese girl in her cheong-sam.

"On the legs, I've got pirate girls, roses, cowgirls, Hawaiian girls, more roses . . . Top parts of the legs are done in roses and hearts, with my wife's name in 'em. The belly button, there's a little pair of feet falling into the belly button with 'Help' on top of them. Two little ducks on the backside saying: 'Hey, you!' and 'Who? Me?'

"Up the back, there's mermaids, sea horses, a Japanese tea house, up to a little bee with a little pair of boots on. Lipstick marks just above the private areas. And the penis — 27 tattoos on there: Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck and a lot of cartoon characters, and grasshoppers and all sorts of things. A red-backed spider on the knob. And a fish . . ."

A fish? Jim chuckles. "That's for Catholic girls. They don't eat meat on Friday."

Ancient men did it to prove their manhood — and perhaps guarantee it? Men all over the world in all times and races have believed that decorated skin was like a shield, a handle on immortality.

And the women? Motives for being tattooed were no different to those of today. Then as now, women did it to make themselves more exotic, more desirable. Countless actresses in American erotic films carry tiny tattoos. The favorites are the swooping bluebird on a collarbone, a small red pair of lips just below the bikini line, or a rose on the upper slope of a breast.

Whatever the motif, the effect is usually electric. Any man who has ever slipped a shoulder strap to find a tiny blue butterfly perched on a round shoulder or discovered a swallow circling on a white thigh, deliriously near the nest, will know the erotic thrill of making love to a tattooed woman.

For women, a tattoo is often a love gift. Though Melbourne artist Jackie Talbot designed the seahorse that floats on her left buttock, it was a lover who paid for it, and the tattoo has survived him to become a treasured erotic accessory. What about subsequent admirers — how do they react? "Some men want to know where it came from," Jackie admits. "And they put their numbers on what that relationship must have meant for me to allow somebody to give me that mark." She smiles impishly. "But they can think what they like — maybe that's half the joy of it."

When women get tattooed, it's almost always for a man. Bev Robinson is one of the last of Australia's tattooed ladies. It's years since she retired from showing her heavily tattooed body. These days, she runs her own Melbourne tattoo studio. Bev was 19 when she met the man who put her on

Continued on page 113





Going Bush

Timothy and Julie are certified city slickers, yuppie to the core. These two ad execs have it all. When the time came for them to shop for a weekend retreat, they went bush. Strolling around a property, they found a disused barn — complete with haystack. Giggling like teenagers, they were soon out of their designer jeans and into the hay.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON VOGEL





The stresses of city living soon evaporated. "Now I know what they mean when they say that country air increases the appetite," Julie whispered.





FICTION BY SUSAN GEASON
ILLUSTRATION BY CAMERON SINGLETON

Syd Fish finds himself up to his neck in a game of not-so-happy families

the PORNOGRAPHER'S SON

Although it probably said "Investor" on his tax return, those with their ears to the gutter called Bernie Coogan a pornographer. I thought of this when he rang one morning and asked me to come to Coogee to see him. Coogan was a self-made man and he'd done a lousy job. His personality was as unsavory as his career, which had started in tow trucks and worked its way up through a chain of smash repair shops. And that was the legitimate part of the business. So far, nobody had managed to pin anything indictable on him. "It's bloody important, Syd," he said. "I can't talk about it on the phone." I could understand that. God knows how many crime-busters, journalists, hackers and handicapped activists with CB radios were listening in. It was enough to turn any self-respecting hood into a civil libertarian. I didn't particularly want to get mixed up with Coogan, so I hesitated. "It's a personal matter, Syd," he urged. He had me then. I couldn't resist the opportunity of seeing Coogan down—I wanted to meet whoever was squeezing his balls. The South Coogee house was a crim's



SINGLETON

the PORNOGRAPHER'S SON

dream, with four or five architectural styles battling it out, columns and arches everywhere, a huge unused swimming pool, and the latest in electronic security. Patrolling the walled grounds were several attack dogs which immediately announced my arrival.

After I'd given everything but my mother's maiden name over the intercom, a blonde half Coogan's age ushered me in. The girl had a hesitant, temporary look which probably had something to do with the fact that she was the third Mrs Coogan and suspected that she would not be the last.

She seemed at a loss. "Hello. I'm Syd Fish," I prompted, proffering a hand. She shied slightly, as if I were about to hit her or serve her with divorce papers, but rallied and whispered, "Michele."

"Your husband wants to see me," I said. It was like pushing a stalled truck.

She stared at me, then said: "Please sit down. I'll get him."

The living room looked as if it had been thrown together by a designer from a drag show — all velvet and mirrors and impossible antiques — but the views compensated.

Coogan appeared eventually, gut well out, shoulders back, very much the tycoon, but he had bags under his eyes and he wasn't wearing his usual arrogant sneer. What he was wearing was the sort of outfit a color-blind golfer would wear. He was a big, red-skinned, bear-like customer covered in pale ginger hair that made him glow pink in the sun. And like a bear, he only looked cuddly.

He took me to his study, where he probably studied the form guide and tax avoidance schemes, and gave me a Fosters.

"My kid's been snatched," he said, dispensing with the foreplay.

"Since when did you have any kids?"

"Since 16 years ago."

"This has to be the best-kept secret in NSW," I said. "What brand is it?"

"It's a boy. Luke."

"Where have you had Luke stashed for 16 years?" I asked.

"He's been with his mother. She pissed off when he was a baby. He turned up here a couple of Christmases ago. Out of the blue."

"I get the impression you didn't exactly comb the country for his mother."

"Why should I? I didn't want any kids in the first place. And Denise went to the pack, the hippie slut. Hare Krishna, Nimbin, drugs. She's as mad as a cut snake."

"So who got the ransom note? Denise?"

"No, they contacted me. Luke's been spending his school holidays with me. He was snatched from here."

I asked him if he'd told Denise.

"No, and I'm not going to, either. I'm going to get the bloody kid back on my own."

Lots of bad blood there, still. I wondered

how Denise felt about the kid defecting to Coogan.

"How much do they figure a 16-year-old kid is worth, Bernie?"

"Half a million."

"And is he?"

"Yeah," he said grudgingly. "He's a good kid."

I must have looked skeptical, because he said belligerently: "Besides, if the word got round that I'd been stung for half a million bucks, I'd be a fucking joke in this town."

I was relieved. If he'd turned out to be human, I might have been expected to like him.

"So what do you want me to do?"

"Check out Denise's friends. I wouldn't trust that bitch an inch. I'll look after this end. And I want you to deliver the money, if it comes to that."

This was a job where the messenger could easily get killed. Coogan was watching my face. "If you have to pick up the kid,

6
"Coogan found her in a strip club and discovered she had certain physical skills. He turned her into a minor cult figure."

there's 20 grand in it, Syd."

If money talks, 20 grand sings. "How long have we got?"

"Two days."

"Just for interest's sake, what will you be doing while I'm delivering the dough?"

"Oh, just watching with some friends," he said casually.

A movement caught my eye and I looked up to find Michele hovering by the door. In profile, she was obviously pregnant. Her complexion was pale and muddy, and she looked frightened.

"Okay," I said. "Give me Denise's address and I'll start nosing around."

"I don't have it."

"What do you mean, you don't have it?"

Coogan got stropic. "Look, the bloody kid just turned up here one day. I haven't discussed it with Denise."

The kid was a chip off the old block. Everyone was in on this rort except his mother; he obviously had well-developed organising skills.

"You do know what her name is, I suppose?" I said.

He told me it had been Dwyer, the same as Luke's, but she'd remarried.

There would be hundreds of Dwyers in the phone book. I asked if she had relatives in Sydney.

"God knows. I picked her up in a strip joint in the Cross. She used to disappear from time to time, but she never talked about her family."

I took a look at Luke's room, but it was carefully anonymous. Bernie didn't have a photo of the boy, but he told me Luke was blond and good-looking, with blue eyes, like Denise when she was young.

He told me they'd taken the kid from the beach, but that he hadn't been able to find anyone who saw it happen. "Michele took the call, though. Talk to her."

Michele wasn't very helpful. Luke had gone to the beach on his bike, as usual, and hadn't come back. The caller was a man with an Australian accent; she couldn't tell his age. He told her they had two days to get the money, then he'd call back with instructions.

If the cops were called in, they'd dump Luke off the Heads in cement socks.

I left the house to the howls of locked-up dogs, drove the Valiant back to my office and rang Lizzie Darcy, my well-informed journalist friend, at her newspaper.

She was enthralled. "Denise Dwyer? You must remember her. She was our very own porn queen. Coogan found her in a strip club and discovered she had certain physical skills. He turned her into a minor cult figure and made a fortune out of her, then she suddenly dropped out of sight. Can't help you with the family, though. There must be millions of Dwyers."

"Somebody must know Denise's family," I persisted, staring down the barrel of 400 phone calls.

She thought for a while, and I could hear her puffing on a cigarette, though she swore she'd given them up.

"Give me an hour or so," she said finally.

When I called back, Lizzie told me she'd set up a meeting with an old friend of hers, a semi-retired Catholic priest who had a line on every Catholic in Sydney. He also had an extensive network of political hacks, writers, trade unionists, journalists and bureaucrats. A reliable source, indeed.

I met Declan Doherty in a coffee shop in Park Street. He was dressed in mufti, with a dark jacket and crewneck jumper and black sneakers. I didn't know it then, but it was the beginning of a long and fruitful association.

The old priest checked me out carefully and said: "Darlinghurst Christian Brothers, wasn't it?"

I nodded.

"I knew your uncle Reg during the War. In New Guinea."

He was showing off, but it was a class act nonetheless. I asked him about Denise.

"Denise Dwyer. A tragic tale. As I recall, the family broke up when she was a child. The mother died when Denise was in primary school, and the father disappeared. She went to live with her grandmother. A beautiful girl, but she went right off the rails.

It wasn't the grandmother's fault; she wasn't up to it."

"Lizzie tells me she got mixed up with Bernie Coogan and he put her in his home movies."

His face wrinkled with disgust. "Ah, yes, Bernie Coogan. A terrible man." He glanced at me shrewdly: "Is he looking for Denise?"

"He wants to talk to her."

"Do you think that would be a good idea?"

"They had a son," I told him. "Denise went underground years ago, when the boy was a baby, and Coogan lost touch with her. Now he wants to find the boy, but he has to find Denise first. I thought her relatives might know where she was."

He seemed doubtful. "The boy might be better off without Bernie Coogan."

"Yeah, but Coogan's the kid's father, so I suppose he's got some rights."

"He didn't feel the need to exercise them before," said the priest. "Why now?"

"His wife's expecting a baby," I said. "Perhaps it's aroused his paternal instincts."

He snorted, but was listening. I pressed my advantage. "If Coogan wants to make it up to his son, surely we shouldn't stand in his way, Father? And besides, he's a very rich man..."

He didn't believe a word of it, but he couldn't resist a mystery. There was a good yarn in this, and he figured he'd get it out of me eventually.

"Denise lived with her grandmother in Rozelle," he said. "Her maternal grandmother, Nellie Davies. I don't know if she's still alive, though. She'd be a great age by now." I was hopeful. These little old Irish batlers live forever.

We took a taxi to Darlinghurst to pick up the Valiant, and I dropped him off at the Apia Club to lunch with his brother and plug into another week's worth of gossip.

Nellie Davies lived in one of Rozelle's many narrow, treeless streets bordered by little wooden houses. This was authentic working class Sydney, with too many dogs, the races on every trannie on Saturday afternoons, noisy kids and few dreams beyond owning a late model Japanese car and winning a big trifecta.

Number 13 was freshly painted and well kept, with a garden and a tabby asleep on the front steps. Nellie Davies was over 80, small and white-haired, but alert and spry. She was dying for a gossip. While she made me a cup of tea I told her I worked for a bank that was trying to locate customers who'd left money with us and hadn't operated their accounts for years. We wanted to give it back, I said, with a perfectly straight face.

Nellie Davies' only experience of banks was being dragooned at St Brigid's primary into putting all her pennies into a Commonwealth Savings Bank account at three percent; so she believed me. She told me Denise was a bit disorganised about money, but very generous; she sent money regularly and had paid to get the house painted.

I picked up a photo from a collection on the mantelpiece. "Nice looking family. Is this Denise?"

It was. And Denise's son Luke, and Des.

Denise was beautiful, with long thick sandy hair and enormous pale blue eyes. She'd put on a bit of weight since her movie star days, but carried it well. The kid, who had the sulky good looks of a teenage rock star, had his mother's blond hair and faded denim eyes. And not a pustule in sight.

I left full of tea and cream sponge, with Denise's address in Newcastle and a vague regret that I no longer had a granny tucked away somewhere baking Anzac biscuits and telling visitors how wonderful I was. I had also souvenired a snapshot of Luke in his football gear. The kid was athletic as well as handsome. Look out, girls.

I checked in with the breathless Michele and left for the north. I survived the pall of yellow chemicals hanging over Newcastle and took the skybridge to Stockton Beach. Parking the Valiant, I walked along the beach road in the sun, stopping to watch a ship looming up ahead, close enough to touch, on its way into the harbor.

Stockton is old-fashioned and a bit seedy, with peeling weatherboard houses and holiday flats, a big caravan park and the steelworks within sight, but it has a slow easy feeling, as if time had stopped in the Fifties. And where else could you sit on the balcony sucking on a tinnie and watching your ship come in?

Denise came to the door in jeans and a T-shirt, tanned, no make-up. She didn't need it. A blast of pure femaleness made me step back involuntarily. Denise's photo didn't do her justice; she had the kind of effortless, languid sex appeal that turns grown men into boys and makes boys howl.

"Mrs Cochrane?" I asked when I could trust my voice.

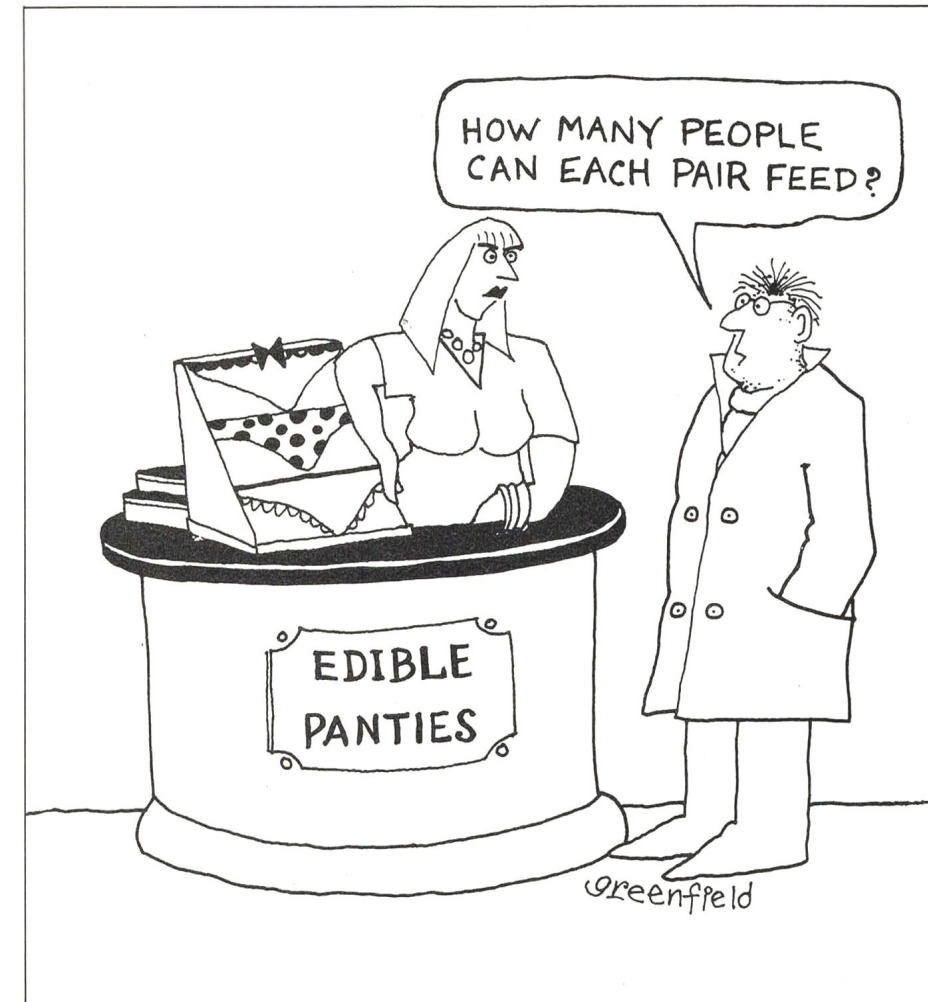
I spun her a yarn about being from Luke's school, looking for families to put up athletes from an American high school team in the New Year. She asked me in.

It was an ordinary house, but she'd made it nice with a big old velvet couch, Fifties knick-knacks, lots of plants, and more interestingly, framed religious texts. Somebody in the house had got religion, and going on her background, it had to be Denise.

We chatted about Luke, and I found out he was supposed to be staying with his grandmother in Rozelle. If Denise was in on this scam, she was a better actress than most porn queens, I decided. There was always Des, though.

Obligingly, Des walked in. Big, dark and muscular, he was obviously a shift worker at the steel mill. He wasn't pleased to see me. I couldn't blame him. If I had Denise at home, I'd have the house patrolled night and day by security guards, preferably female.

Denise filled Des in on the reason for my visit, but something set off his alarm bells and he started cross-examining me. I made my excuses and got out of there fast. As I



the PORNOGRAPHER'S SON

walked towards my car, I looked back and saw Des watching from the verandah.

I had to pass a pub, so I dropped in to see if I could find out anything about Des. Besides, it was almost cocktail hour.

The Fifties ambience in the pub infected me, and I played some early Elvis on the jukebox. Before I had time to play private detective, Des came in. He looked around, saw me, pulled up a chair, signalled for a beer and said, "What's going on?" in one fluid motion.

"What do you mean?"

"Look, I don't believe any of that crap you gave Denise. What's it all about? Luke?" I stalled.

"I'm not going to tell Denise, if that's what you're worried about," he urged. "I love Denise. She's had enough shit in her life already. If something bad is happening, I want to know about it first."

Some time in the last hour I'd decided nobody in Stockton had anything to do with the kidnapping, so I told him. He was flabbergasted. "Staying with Coogan, after what that bastard did to his mother? Jesus! The kid's wild, but it didn't think he was that..."

"Devious?" I prompted.

Des put his glass down and a kid came and picked it up. I'd noticed him hovering in the background, but I suddenly realised he

was listening in. I gave him the hard eye and he scuttled away.

"How bad is this?" asked Des, suddenly remembering that Luke had disappeared. "Is the kid really in danger, or is this one of Coogan's numbers?"

I said it looked serious.

"Shouldn't someone be calling the cops?" he demanded.

I told Des that Coogan wanted to handle it himself, and that he stood a better chance of springing the kid than the cops did. He had equal firepower and fewer scruples. I didn't add that calling the cops would do me out of 20 grand.

Cochrane left after making me promise to call him at work as soon as I had any news. As soon as Des was out the door, the kid reappeared.

"Can I talk to you?" he asked.

"Talk."

He looked around nervously, but the bar was almost empty and those who were left seemed comatose. "I'm a friend of Luke's. Has something happened to him?"

"Nothing you can do anything about," I said.

He flushed: I'd hurt his pride. "I know a few things you don't," he growled.

"Like what?"

"I know where he's staying in Sydney."

That caught my interest. "What was he up to, do you know? Was he looking for his long-lost father, or was he after a share of Bernie's loot?"

The kid was loyal. He bit. "He hated Coogan for what he'd done to Denise!"

"Denise told him?"

"Yeah. Denise got born again a couple of years ago and confessed. And I reckon she wanted him to know before the kids at school told him. So he'd be ready."

I could see Denise's point. Having a pornographer for a father and a Linda Lovelace clone for a mother wouldn't be easy.

I said to the kid, "If you know what he was up to in Coogee, you'd better tell me, son. It might be important."

My tone put the wind up him. "I think he wanted to get revenge," he said.

"How?"

He said he didn't know, but he gave me some clues to Luke's character. "He's a bit mixed up, I suppose. He goes off half-cocked sometimes and stuffs things up. But he's not bad, he's not..."

"Corrupt?"

"No, not like Coogan. He's more like Denise. Denise is a good lady."

I smiled. Being around Denise would be sheer torture for pubescent boys. It was hard enough for me. I thanked him and got up to leave. He sat on.

"What?" I asked.

He swallowed hard. "I think there was something else going on. Some trouble."

"What sort of trouble?"

"With a girl, I think."

"Which girl?"

"He wouldn't say," said the kid, and before I could grill him, someone yelled "Scott!" and he jumped up smartly and went back to collecting glasses. A good kid, a good friend.

I returned to Sydney and called in on Coogan and told him I hadn't found any kid-nappers in the Hunter, but I didn't mention my conversations with Des or the kid. Coogan said he hadn't been able to find a single lead in Sydney. Nobody was talking. Doubtless a few toes would turn up in rub-bish tins in the next few days.

"I'm stuffed if I know what's going on," said Coogan.

I was in the same boat. "There's something weird about the whole thing," I said. "Something doesn't add up."

Shortly after, Coogan went away to answer the phone, and I tried to pump Michele, who was too quiet.

"Was Luke in some sort of trouble, Mrs Coogan?" I asked.

Michele, who was pouring coffee, spilled it in her lap, gasped, and jumped to her feet. I tried to dry her off with a napkin, but she slapped my hand away.

Coogan arrived back and said, "What's going on? What happened, Michele?"

By this time Michele was weeping and dabbing at her dress with a Kleenex.

"I was asking her about Luke," I explained. "I think he was in some sort of strife."

"Well?" said Coogan. "Stop bawling and talk, Michele! Was something going on?"

"I don't know," she wailed. "If there was,

he didn't tell me about it. Leave me alone, for God's sake!" She ran out of the room.

"Save me from bloody pregnant women," said Coogan.

"Was she fond of Luke?" I asked.

"I don't know. But I'm away a lot, so I suppose he was company for her."

Leaving Coogan to man the phones, I checked in at Darlinghurst, listened to my messages, and stewed about the case. I was starting to get some very strange ideas. Dangerous ideas. But I needed to tie up some loose ends. I racked my brains, came up with the name of the pub in Stockton Beach, and put in a call.

They finally found Scott, who answered suspiciously.

"Listen Scott, and listen good," I said. "Bernie Coogan is big league. People who stuff around with him end up walking with sticks. Or dead." I paused for effect. "Exactly what sort of trouble was Luke in?"

"I don't know!" the kid shouted, and I knew he was telling the truth.

"Think, man," I urged. "Did he say anything else?"

"He said if his father found out, he'd kill him."

"Did he mean it, or was he just big-noting?"

"I think he meant it. He was really scared."

Now Bernie Coogan didn't give a damn about the welfare of the rest of the human race, so it had to be something that affected

him personally. I decided to have a heart-to-heart with Michele.

I rang the mansion and told her we had to talk. She was unwilling, but invited me over.

"No," I said. "This is kind of delicate. I think you should meet me at the Sebel Townhouse. In the piano bar. Soon."

"What's this about?" Michele demanded.

"I think your stepson has been pulling girls' pants down, and I thought we might be able to figure out a course of action. Just the two of us."

There was a silence, then she said: "All right, I'll come." She sounded resigned.

As she climbed out of the pink Porsche in front of the hotel, I caught a flash of long brown leg and white panties, and realised, somewhat belatedly, that Michele was a very pretty girl, in a suburban, *Dallas* kind of way. No match for Denise, but a later model. She quickly ordered a gin and tonic.

"Should you be drinking?" I asked. "It's going to be rough enough for this kid without being born with a drinking problem."

I thought she was going to faint. "You're a real bastard, aren't you?" she whispered.

"Maybe," I conceded. "But I'm basically non-violent, and I don't want to see anybody get shot, even accidentally. So I think you'd better tell me all about it."

"He shouldn't have left us alone so much," she said.

"I'm not interested in the Mills and Boon part," I interrupted. "I just want to know how you thought you were going to pull this off."

"I've been taking the phone calls," she said. "I was going to deliver the money. We didn't expect Bernie to bring you in. I thought he'd be too minging to pay for help."

"You don't like him," I said.

"He's a pig."

"You married him."

"Yeah, well, it seemed a good idea at the time. I was pretty desperate. Bernie seemed like a way out."

"What went wrong?"

She gulped down some gin, hiccupped unhappily and said: "I dunno, maybe it was the red fur. Bernie's even got red hair on his back."

I stopped myself laughing just in time; Michele wasn't finished. "And I got lonely. Bernie never takes me anywhere. He likes making money and playing pool with his fat friends and watching dirty movies on the bloody video. I'm 23 years old, for Christ's sake. I'm too young to die."

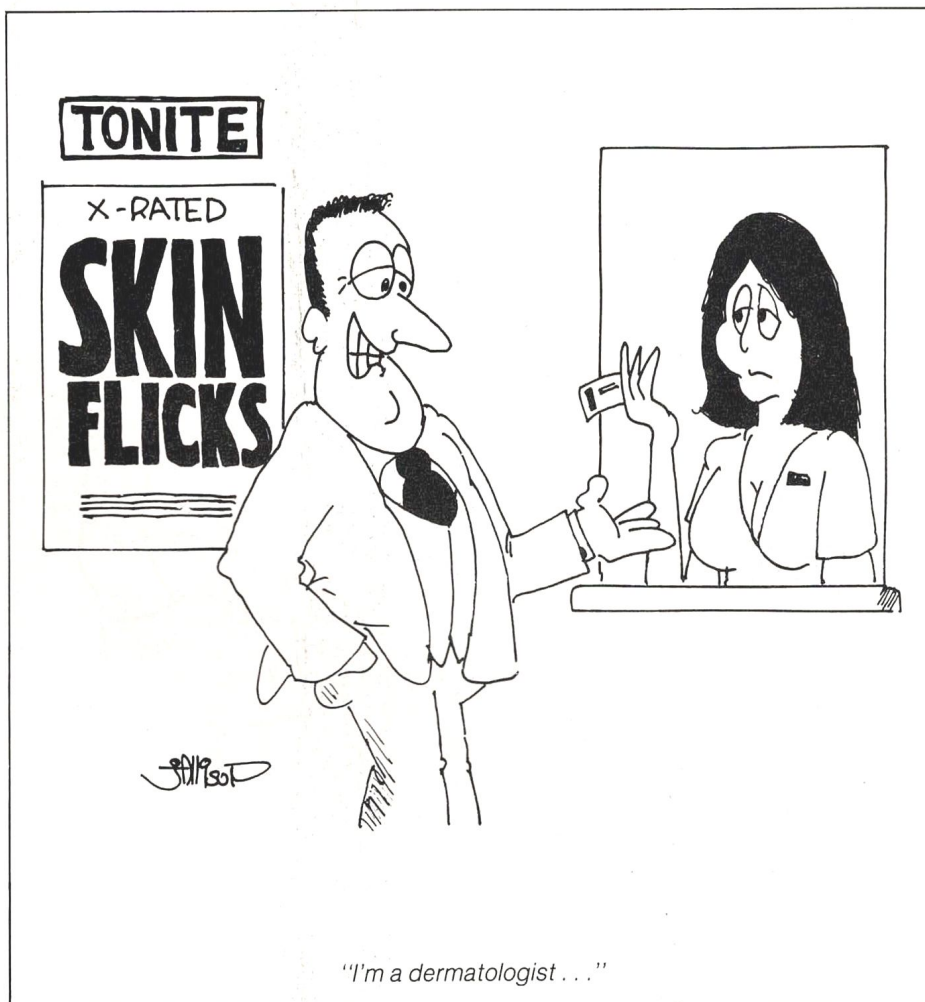
"You could have left."

She laughed bleakly. "Back to exotic dancing, you mean? Back to Darlinghurst and cockroaches and people borrowing money for drugs all the time? I'd rather die of boredom."

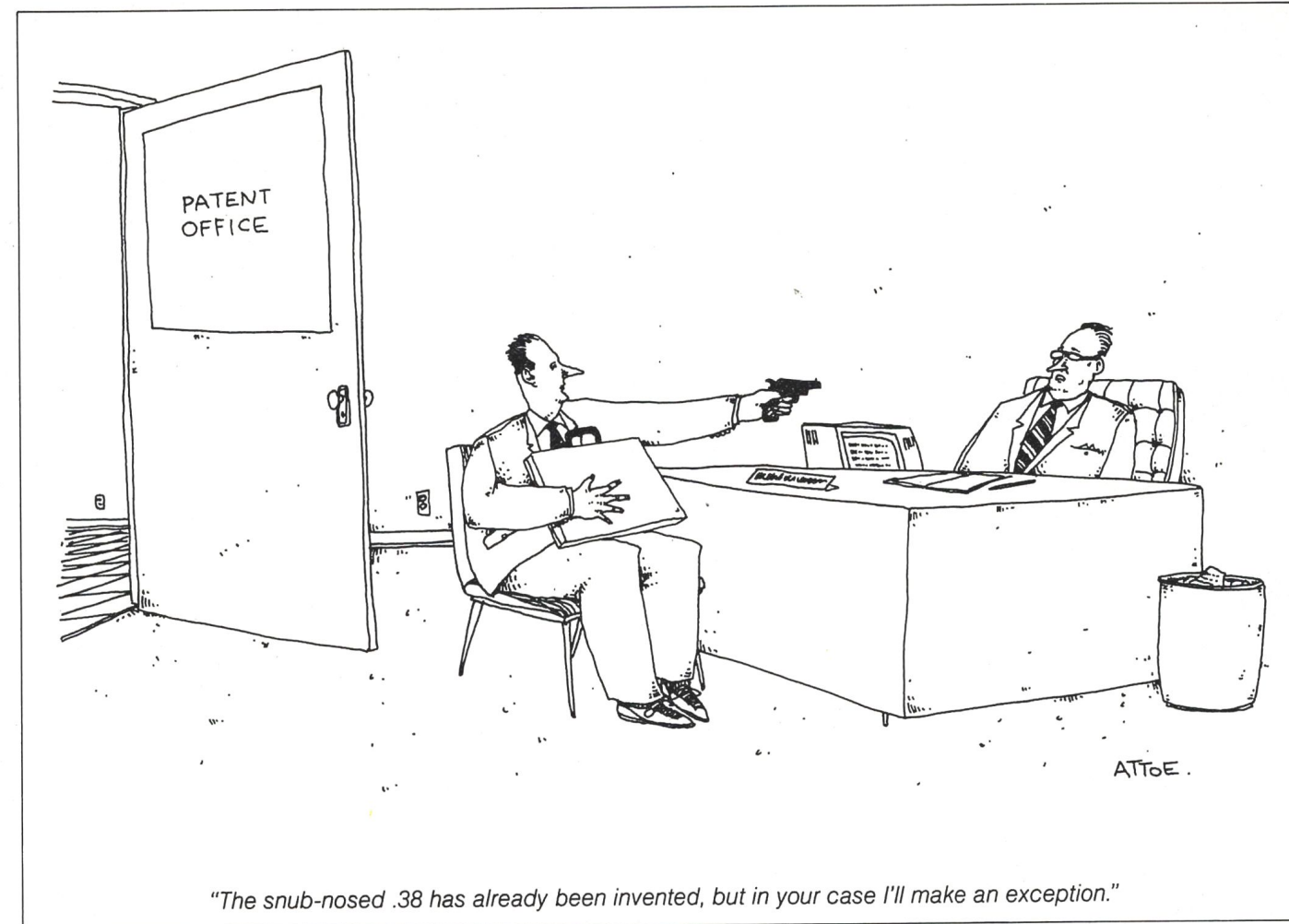
"But this baby," I said. "I don't get it."

"It was an accident. I'd been trying for two years with Bernie and nothing happened, so I figured nothing was going to. Then Luke came along and whammo!"

Continued on page 102



"I'm a dermatologist..."



"The snub-nosed .38 has already been invented, but in your case I'll make an exception."

The Suzuki GSX-R1100 boasts
the most impressive specifications
this side of a superbike grid

“Wot’ll she do, mate?”

It’s the classic opening line, delivered when the owner of a machine obviously built for mean deeds is approached by an onlooker — educated or not — who wants to be surprised. After all, there’s no point poncing about in or on something that looks the goods if it doesn’t have them. So the gentleman who’s asking the question wants the numbers before all else.

How about these for an answer?

Top speed: 260 km/h plus.

Standing 400 metres: Ten and a very little bit seconds.

Horsepower: 140.

Weight: 210 kg.

Capacity: 1127 ccs.

Cost: Eleven and a half thousand dollars, plus on-road costs.

When it comes to cars, big performance costs very big money. There is no alternative. To buy the sort of speed and acceleration delivered by the Suzuki GSX-R1100 — quoted above — on four wheels, you’re talking about spending hundreds of thousands.

The Japanese motorcycle factories (Honda, Yamaha, Suzuki and Kawasaki), particularly during the Eighties, have extended the two-wheeled horsepower/top speed/standing 400 limits at a frantic rate in their efforts to outdo each other and be known as the maker of the world’s fastest motorcycle.

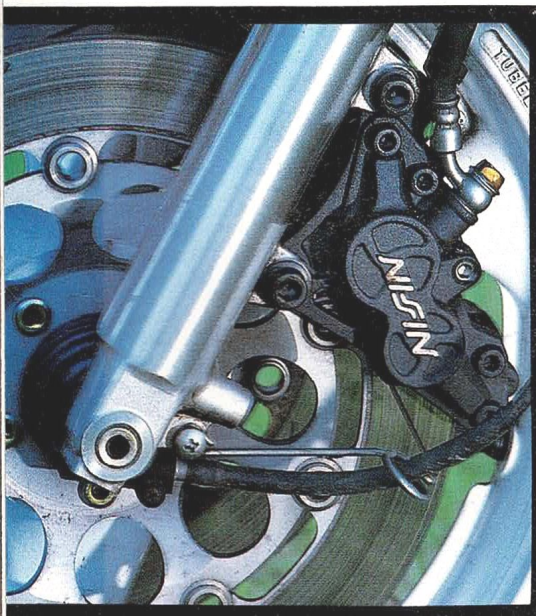
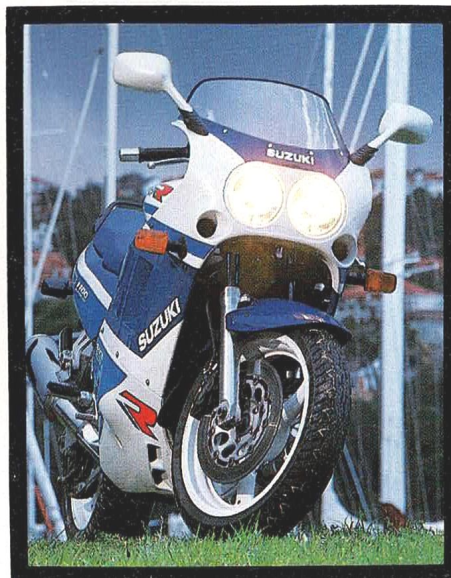
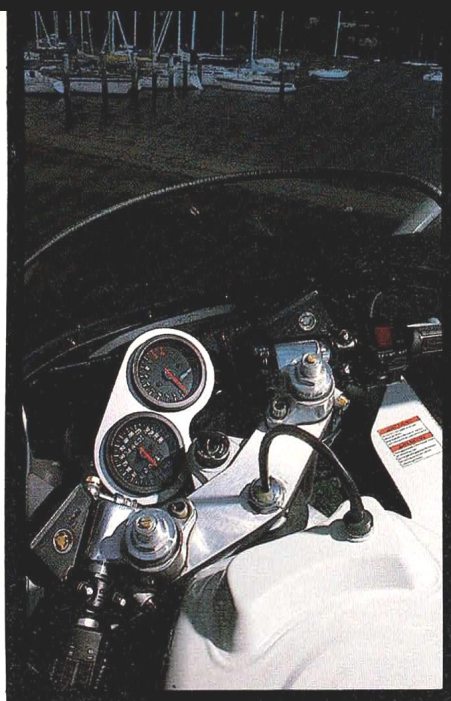
They’ve incorporated technology in their engines that car makers haven’t dreamed of. At the same time they’ve been cutting weight through the increasing use of aluminium alloy chassis components. Multi-adjustable suspension systems, multi-valve engines, variable rate exhaust systems and advanced combustion chamber designs are commonplace. Virtually everything in a car, unless you’re talking about a

THE OUTER LIMITS

BY TONY MITCHELL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER MORRIS





The '89 GSX-R1100 substantially revises the '86 model, bringing it closer to the race track and equipping it with specifications and styling that place it at the forefront of road bike technology.

THE OUTER LIMITS

McLaren Honda (note the second half of the name), is heavy, crude, old and slow when compared with the equivalent part or system on a top-of-the-line production bike.

The GSX-R1100 is most definitely top-of-the-line. The Europeans aren't even in the race — and haven't been since the late Seventies — as far as power, acceleration and speed are concerned. Among the Japanese competition, Kawasaki's ZX10' and Yamaha's FZR1000 will line-ball the Suzuki on top speed and acceleration, but don't have the chassis hardware which ultimately gives the Suzuki the edge on the road.

The '89 GSX-R Eleven has been substantially revised from the model introduced in 1986. It's been brought closer to the race-track, closer to the outer limits, and is now equipped with the most impressive specifications you'll find this side of a superbike grid.

The engine, a double overhead cam 16-valve transverse four, has been bored and stroked and now displaces 1127 ccs, running a compression ratio of 10:1. It breathes through the two holes on either side of the headlights in the fairing, and a quartet of 36mm CV Mikuni carburetors.

An unusual feature is the absence of water cooling. Instead, Suzuki has opted for around double the usual volume of oil in the wet sump and a radiator-size oil cooler up front, so the engine oil not only lubricates, it also helps cool things down, through such tricks as being sprayed directly to the underside of each piston.

Redlined at 11,000 rpm, the new engine isn't quite the low speed and midrange hauler of previous models, but once the tach passes 7000 the substantial increases in power and torque make themselves felt with a ferocity that's hard to describe — and impossible to consider when it's actually happening except in terms of a couple of choice expletives. The needle plants itself on 11,000 so quickly each time you go up the five-speed box that there's precious little time to have a look at the speedo until you get to fifth — at which point you're moving right along at two and a half times the legal highway limit.

You can get an idea — although the numbers don't convey the fear — of how hard the GSX-R accelerates by considering that HSV's latest V8 Commodore, the SV89, takes nearly half as long again as the GSX-R to cover the standing 400.

It is, of course, possible to ride the bike nice and leisurely in top if you like your motorcycling without white knuckles, in which case it'll prove smooth and tractable, but you've probably picked the wrong machine if you're going to ride the big Suzuki like this too often.

The GSX-R's chassis and running gear, like the engine, are built for better things than you'll be able to indulge in on most public roads.

A double cradle aluminium alloy frame, a combination of castings and extruded straight wall sections, carries a rectangular section alloy swingarm at the rear and a pair of 43mm telescopic forks up front.

Coil springs and cartridge-type dampers take care of front suspension requirements, and offer eight position rebound damping and ten position compression damping adjustments, plus stepless adjustable spring preload at the top of each fork. So instead of having to put up with compromised front suspension performance, you can tailor the system precisely to the road and get the best out of it.

The same goes for the rear suspension, where a single gas-charged spring damper unit, mounted vertically behind the gearbox, has four rebound damping adjustments and stepless spring preload.

Suzuki has developed a reputation of providing the best suspension systems of the big four, and the GSX-R Eleven is no exception. But Ducati's 851 — tested in March *Australian Penthouse* — remains the bike to beat here, due in part to its weight advantage.

Disc brakes front and rear, with four pistons in each front caliper, pull the bike up at a rate that's as impressive as its acceleration. Hollow-spoked 17-inch alloy wheels front and rear wear the best production rubber money can buy: Michelin radials — a 120/70 up front and a massive 160/60 at the back. With so much power on tap, lesser tyres would be plain dangerous.

Previous GSX-R Elevens were relatively slow steerers — better highway bikes, but requiring plenty of forward planning and muscle on tight, winding roads. The latest version has had its steering geometry quickened, so it's now easier to throw around. Stability at high speeds, though, has fallen a notch or two, especially on rougher roads, when the front end gets a bit twitchy. A hydraulic steering damper is fitted to stop more violent reactions should you encounter a prime quality pothole.

On better roads the Suzuki gets around bends with a level of precision and agility that belies its 210kg dry weight. Point it and that's where it'll go, and it gets better as you reach the more indecent angles of lean, taking advantage of its unlimited cornering clearance.

On a ride up Sydney's Old Pacific Highway, or any of the popular Sunday morning scratcher's roads on the fringes of our capital cities, the GSX-R1100 will hand out a thrashing to anything bar the previously mentioned 851 Duke, which, though not as powerful, has the advantage of 42 kgs less weight — and when it comes to sports bikes, light weight is more important than outright horsepower.

However, if your idea of performance goes along the lines of "Too much ain't enough", the GSX-R1100 should prove satisfactory. If it doesn't, your only other option is to make Wayne Gardner an offer on his Honda when the GP season is over. 

exciting LIAISONS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY THIERRY DE HERVY

Petra speaks of her liaisons with men in high places. "I'm attracted to men who are in the spotlight, men with power," she says. "I find they have a strength of character — and money. They can have anything they want, and if they want me then I'm flattered."



**"There's no secret to seducing
the rich and famous. I just
make sure that I look so good
that anyone, no matter who
they are, can't keep their
hands off me."**







the PORNOGRAPHER'S SON

Continued from page 91

"You didn't consider, uh, getting rid of it?"

"Why should I? Bernie would never know the difference, and anyway, it's my little insurance policy."

"What about this kidnapping plot?" I asked.

"That was all Luke's idea. When he found out about the baby, he got all territorial. He wanted me to run away with him."

"On Bernie's money?"

"Yes."

"Half a million bucks would buy a lot of travellers' cheques," I remarked.

"Bernie's got it," she said. "But that was only part of it. I think Luke wanted to give some of it to Denise to make up for what Bernie had done to her years ago. He was very bitter about that. He despises Bernie."

"Luke is only 16 years old, for Christ's sake!" I said. "Didn't you try to talk him out of it?"

"I told him he was mad. I said Bernie would break both his legs, or worse. And God only knows what he'd do to me."

"You'll have to call it off," I said. "Bernie will kill Luke if he catches him picking up the dough."

"I know. I've been so scared, it's been making me bilious. But he's such a wild kid. I

couldn't stop him. He said if I didn't go along with him, he'd tell Bernie about us, about the baby."

Like father, like son, I thought.

Michele looked at me with big, hopeless blue eyes: "What are you going to do, Syd?"

I could see my 20 grand receding rapidly, but I didn't want to be an accessory to murder, so I said: "Get in touch with Luke. Tell him to get himself bashed up — that shouldn't be too hard around Coogee — and to get some rope burns on his wrists. Then he should come home and tell Bernie he's escaped. The story is he's been kept on a boat and he got away and swam ashore. And he can't describe any of the kidnappers because he was blindfolded. Maybe he'd been drugged. Yeah, say he was drugged. Can you remember all this?"

She nodded. "And tell him to stick to his story," I warned. "The less he says the better. If he starts getting fancy, he'll contradict himself. Bernie's not a complete fool. And you pull yourself together and be very, very cool when Luke turns up. Do you understand?"

She understood. Michele wasn't super-bright, but she had strong survival skills. I gave her 30 cents and pointed at a phone.

After she'd left, I rang Coogan and asked what was happening. Nothing, he told me; he hadn't heard from the kidnappers yet. He asked me over.

At the house Coogan barbecued steaks

and we drank red wine and listened to Frank Sinatra records. And waited. Michele perked up now the suspense was almost over, and even ate a steak.

"Eating for two," said Coogan, pointing at her belly with a forkful of steak, and Michele gave me a sidelong look and blushed.

The kid staggered in eventually, bedraggled and bruised. His eyes flicked over me and rested for a moment on Michele, who was clutching my arm and twanging with fear. Luke was a big bugger, with a footballer's neck and legs, but with just enough baby fat on his face to make him irresistible to women. Even tired, dirty and scared, he was bursting with vitality. I could understand Michele landing in his lap; what I couldn't understand was Coogan being stupid enough to throw them together.

As Luke stumbled through his story, Coogan came as close as I'd ever seen to expressing an emotion. He hugged the boy and plied him with whisky and they went upstairs arm in arm to run a bath.

"What now?" I asked Michele.

"God knows. What would you do?"

"I'd piss Luke off home to Des for a good thrashing, plead nervous exhaustion, and take a long holiday. Alone."

"I love him," she said.

"Stop while you're ahead, Michele," I warned. "Don't do anything stupid."

"Anything more, you mean," she corrected, and came over and gave me a hug. "You're not so tough, Syd."

She wasn't a bad girl, just lazy, and I had a feeling she'd make it. Coogan's bimbos had a way of turning into formidable women.

"Just keep your chin up, your mouth shut and your tits stuck out, and you'll be okay," I advised. We laughed and I went home.

Coogan paid me for two days plus a generous consolation prize. He was getting soft: in the old days he would have deducted the cost of the steaks.

Soon after I was ambushed by Declan Doherty and dragged into a Castlereagh Street coffee shop.

"I trust the Coogan matter worked out satisfactorily?" he asked.

"Very. Coogan and Denise are talking again after 16 years and sharing custody of the kid. Couldn't have hoped for a better outcome."

"I hear Luke is a very nice looking lad," he said casually. "Not like Bernie at all."

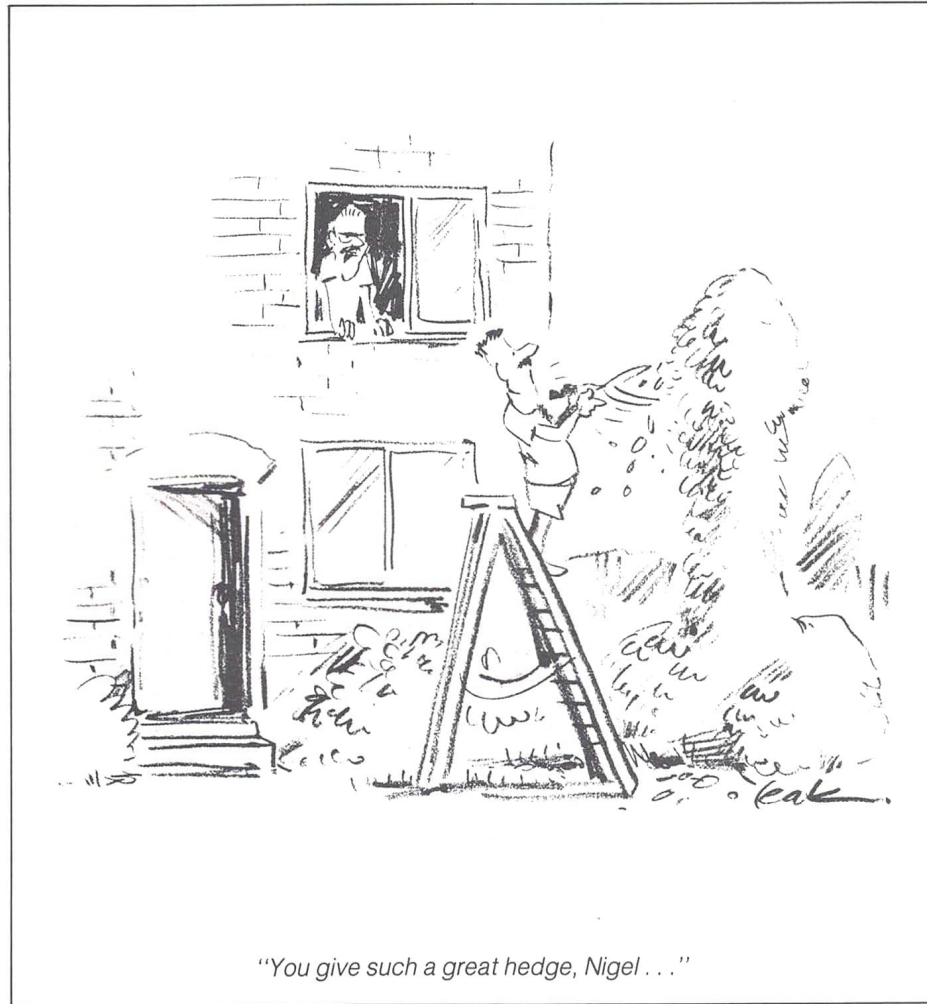
My scalp began to prickle. "He's like Denise," I said.

"Oh," he said, ordering more toast. He munched busily, then said: "There was some talk at the time, you know. She was seen around with Alan Drury quite a lot."

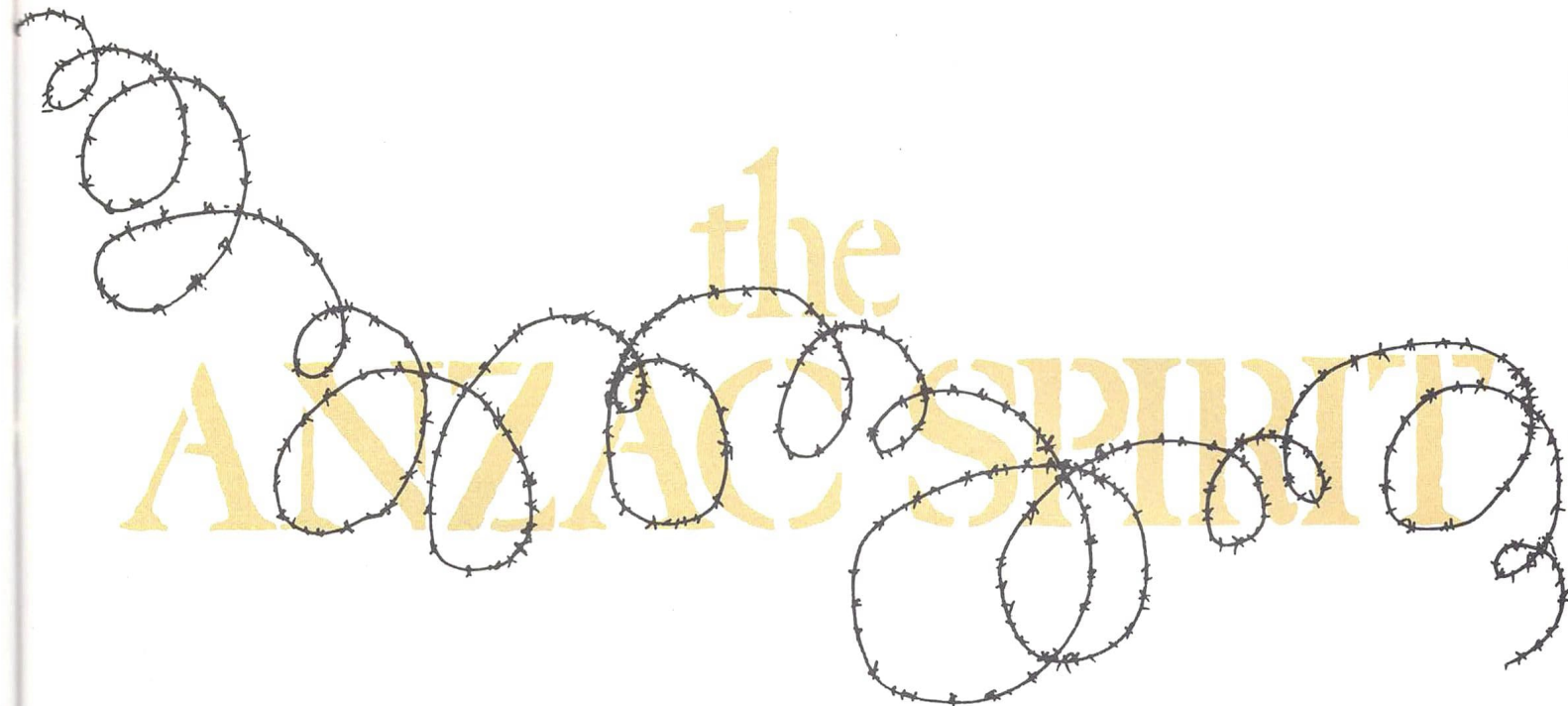
In 1972 Alan Drury was tall, blond and one of the most talented front-row forwards around. I started to laugh, inhaled a crumb and had to be slapped on the back.

The priest was solicitous. "Are you all right, Sydney? I hope I haven't upset you."

"Not at all," I said, and looked up to see him smiling like a shark. ☐



"You give such a great hedge, Nigel..."

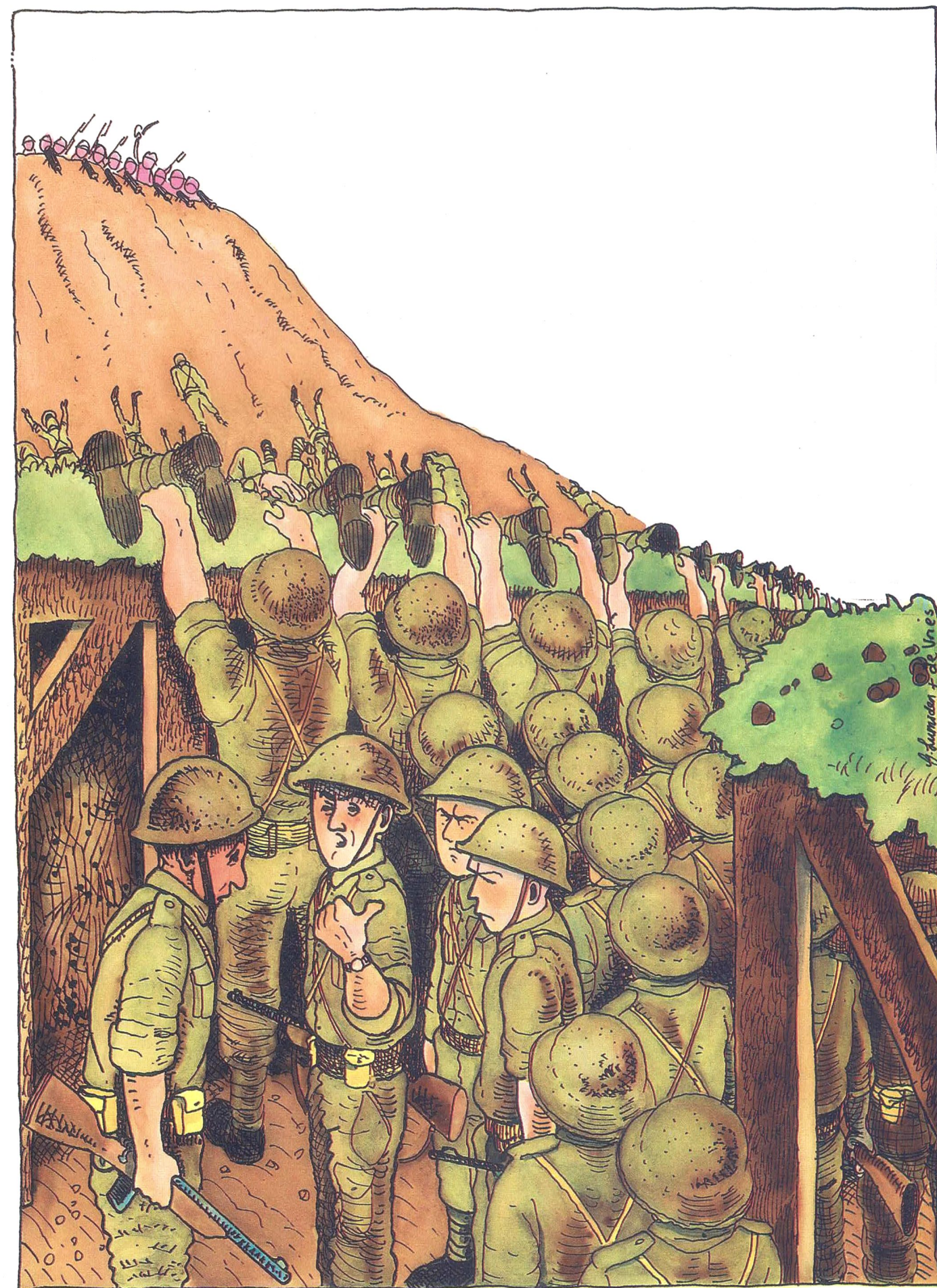
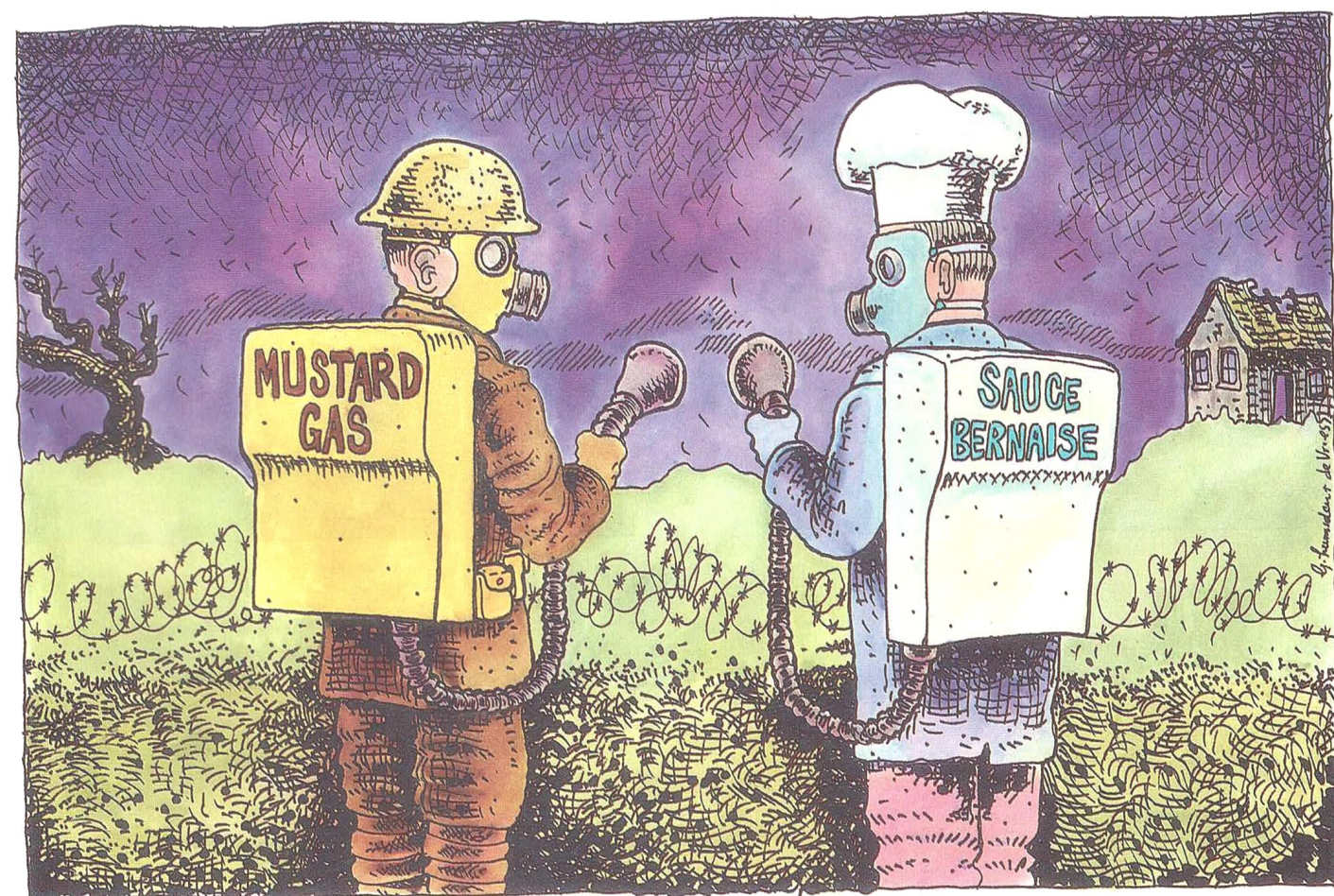


"... I'M SORRY, BUT IF IT'S RICE AGAIN I'M NOT BLOODY EATING IT..."

A CARTOON FEATURE BY
DAVE de VRIES and GLENN LUMSDEN



"...BOERS? WHERE?..."



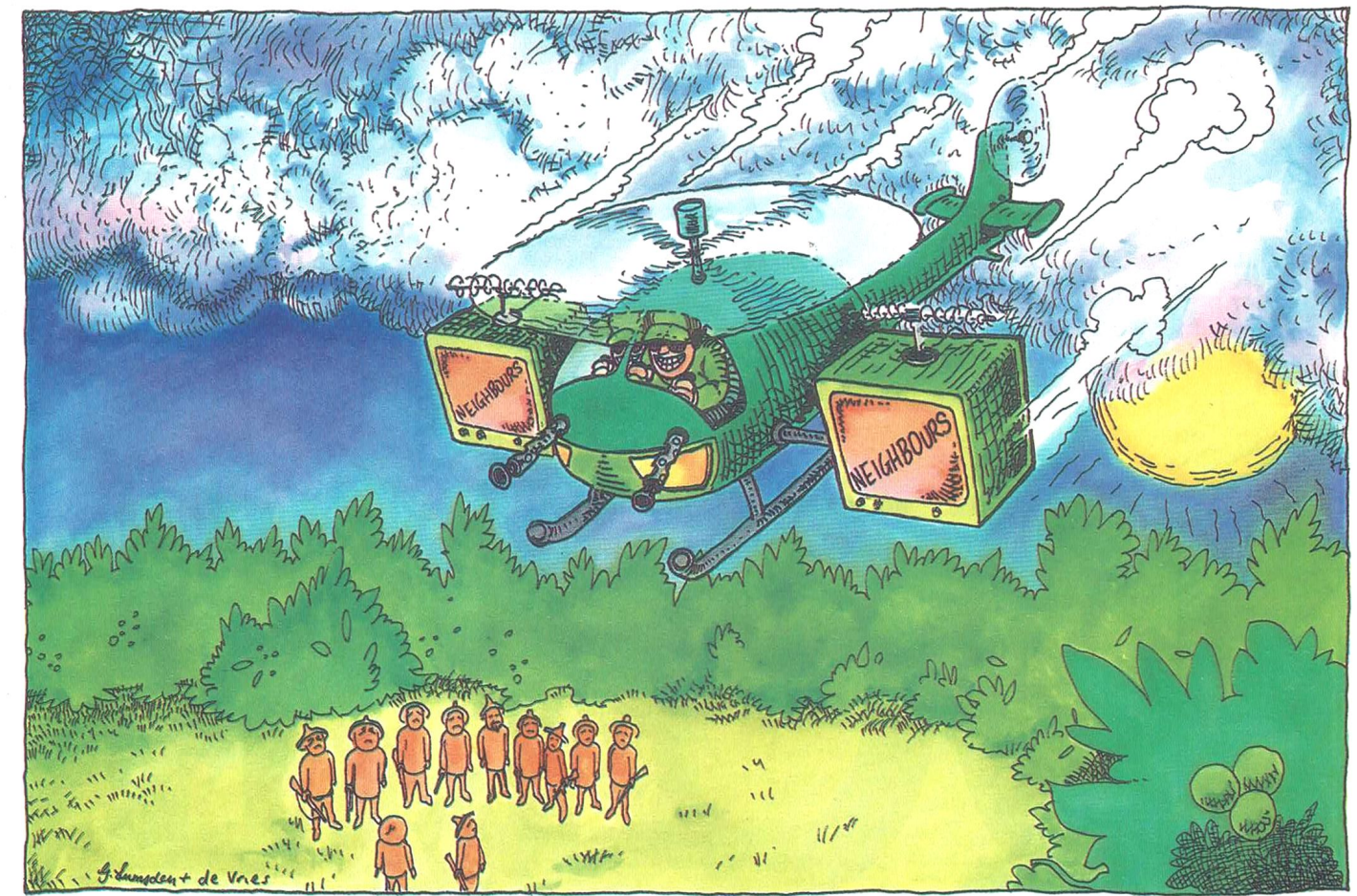
"...NO QUEUE JUMPING, MATE..."



"GENTLEMEN, I KNOW ONE OF YOU JUMPED THE ELECTRIC FENCE, KILLED 93 OF MY HEAVILY ARMED CRACK TROOPS, STOLE A BOMBER AND DESTROYED A MUNITIONS FACTORY I ASK AGAIN... WHO WAS IT?"



THE COLONEL WAS INFAMOUS FOR HIS FLASH INSPECTIONS....





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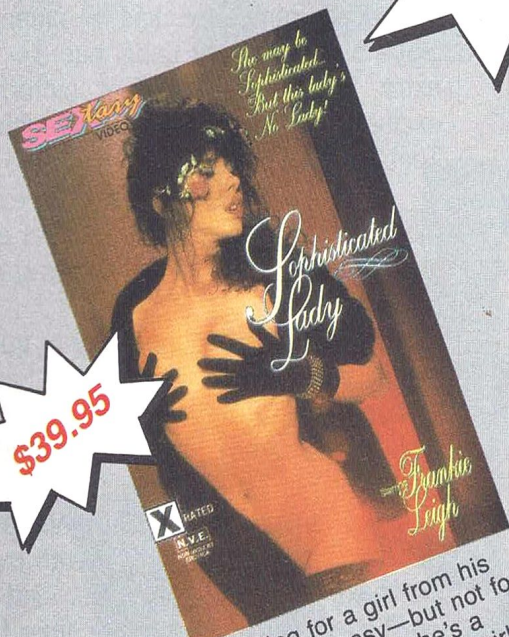
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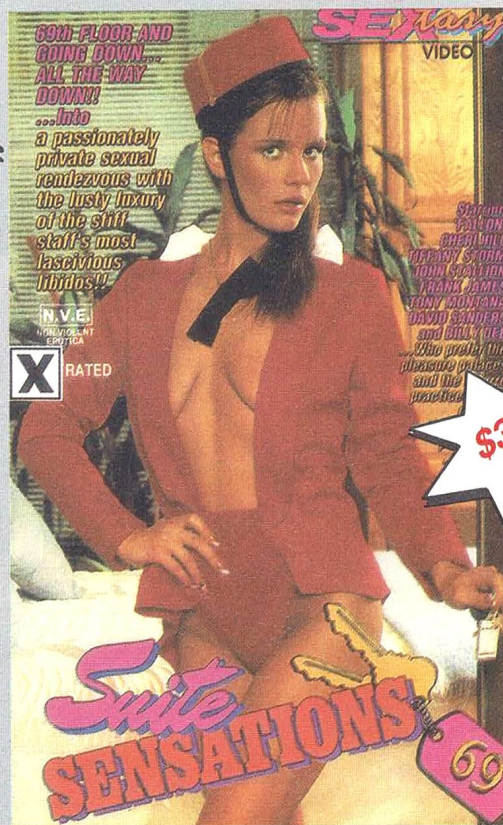
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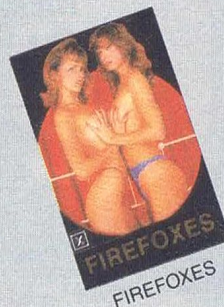
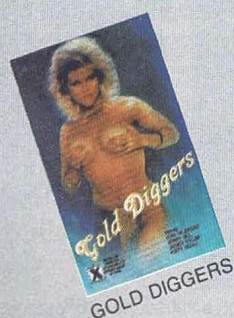
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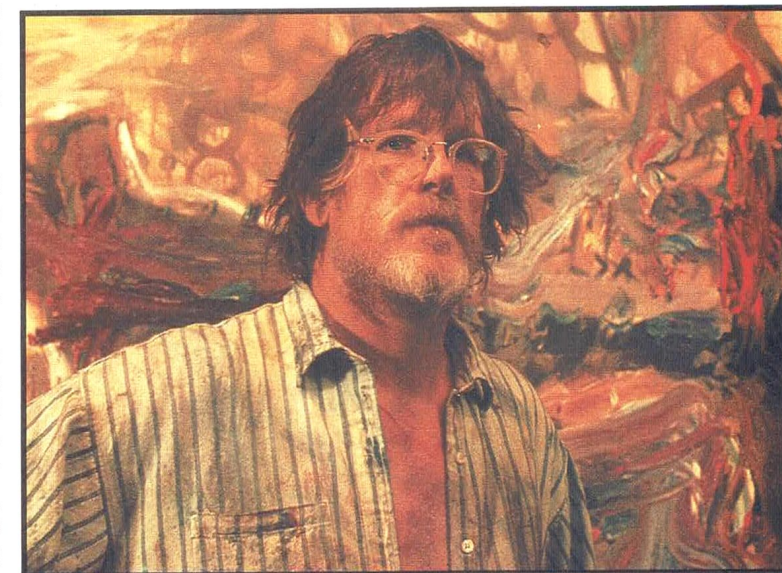
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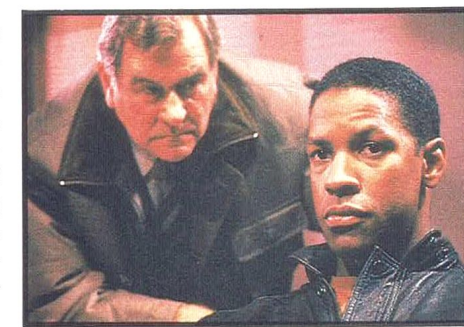
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FILM

THREE BITES AT THE BIG APPLE



From the top:
Nick Nolte at his wild best in *New York Stories*; Denzel Washington and friend in *For Queen And Country*; Tom Hanks cracks wise in *The 'Burbs*.



In what the biz likes to term a "true movie event", *New York Stories* marks the collaboration of three high-profile directors whose love affair with the city that never sleeps has been apparent since each first yelled, "Action!" Woody Allen (of course), Francis Coppola and Martin Scorsese unite under this title, each presenting an individually contained bite at the Big Apple which together form a satisfying and varied adult film that leaves you wanting more.

The genesis of the formula lay with Woody Allen, whose plan was to film three of his own short stories. Allen's long-time associate and producer Roger Greenhut persuaded him to share the idea with other film-makers to create a more diverse product. An early plan to thematically link the three segments was also ditched for fear of pre-empting each director's personal vision. The resulting short films are fresh and as different in tone, pace and style as the proverbial chalk and cheese.

Of the three, Martin Scorsese's "Life Lessons" is the most powerful and memorable. Concerning the tattered end of a relationship between a celebrated artist (Nick Nolte at his wild-eyed best) and his pupil/lover (Rosanna Arquette), the story is a startling study of possessiveness, creative rivalry and emotional growth as well as an often amusing tour of New York's art scene. The film is also enhanced by a musical score that will warm the cockles of many an over-30-year-old heart.

Francis Coppola's "Life Without Zoe" is a fanciful adventure in which the child of wealthy and often absent parents becomes involved in a robbery and the return of a fabulous jewel to a Middle Eastern princess. The weakest link and, in this opinion, a slightly annoying piece thanks to the precociousness of its predominantly juvenile cast, "Life Without Zoe" does have the appeal of lavish costuming and ultra-ritzy locations. Its fairytale flavor might have been better appreciated out of this context. Features Heather McComb, Talia Shire and Giancarlo Giannini.

Woody Allen's contribution, "Oedipus Wrecks", starring Woody Allen, Mia Farrow, Julie

Kavner and Mae Questrel, is an hilarious celebration of the awfulness of the Jewish mother. In form and chuckle quota reminiscent of vintage Allen comedies, this segment makes *New York Stories* a must-see for anyone pining for the days when America's favorite Jew was actually funny. The sheer outlandish fun of this piece also invites speculation as to what might have been had they stuck to the original plan of filming three Woody Allen short stories. Maybe his first box office success in years.

Set in the grimy, down-at-heel London we've come to know so well, *For Queen And Country* is a tough, if terribly rough around the edges, study of a black war veteran's shattered illusions.

After nine years in the British Army's troubleshooter Paratroop regiment, Reuben (Denzel Washington) returns to the housing estate he grew up in. After tours in Northern Ireland, Belize, Kenya and the Falklands, he is a wiser man than the street thug who signed up on a whim almost a decade before.

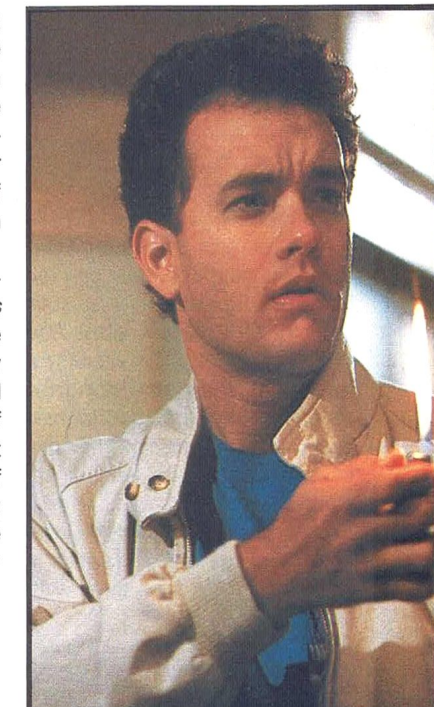
Reuben's hopes for a job and a normal life are eroded as he objectively observes the bleak hopelessness of life on the estate, where unemployment, racial tension and poverty render theft and drug dealing the most tempting options for advancement and hooliganism the common outlet for frustration. Menace and despair simmer throughout the film.

For Queen And Country has all the ingredients of a gritty and disturbing urban drama such as we've come to expect from the Brits. And yet, beyond its promising first third and strong performances throughout, it founders into a poorly edited, amateurish and largely directionless effort, the blame for which must lie with the film's production house, Working Title. Written and directed by Martin Stellman. Disappointing.

Tom Hanks' latest vehicle, *The 'Burbs*, eschews sex comedy in favor of weird stuff, that is the comic appeal of weird stuff happening in an ordinary neighborhood (see *The Munsters*, *The Addams Family* and the like). Hanks plays suburbanite Ray

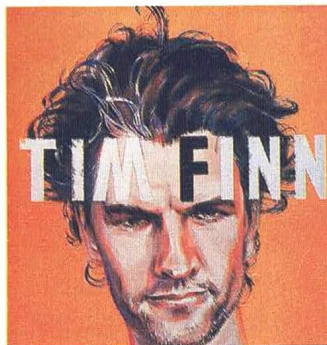
Peterson, whose plans for a peaceful vacation at home are shattered by his apprehension about an odd new family on the block. His misgivings are exacerbated by the paranoia of his other neighbors, leading to a series of comic events that turn the neighborhood upside down.

Written by Dana Olsen and directed by Joe Dante, *The 'Burbs* also stars Carrie Fisher, Bruce Dern, Rick Ducommun and Corey Feldman. Good cast, neat special effects, above average quota of funny bone stimulation and yet further testimony to the motto of mainstream American comedy: There's nothing new under the sun, and if there is, why stick your neck out? — C.J.M. ○—



SOUNDS

When Tim Finn's *Big Canoe* became filed in Davey Jones' locker shortly after leaving the slipway, this founding father of the deservedly legendary Split Enz was marooned without a record deal. After much travelling (not touring) and projects like film soundtracks, he's back on vinyl with some crack American session players. *Tim Finn* (Capital) is produced by Mitchell Froom, who enjoyed success with brother Neil's Crowded House. Still, the mood is all master Tim's, and he's been doing some serious navel-gazing. He's not really trying for a happy-hits-to-hum-in-the-shower package. A typographical error in the current bios has Split Enz disbanding in 1964 when young Tim still had the right to be a pimply adolescent. Still, it is apt in many ways as he spends so much time in self-doubt and analysis of his past that he may as well be back in his adolescent Sixties.



You can almost taste the red dust caked on Neil Murray's vocal chords but he still manages some moments that are *Calm & Crystal Clear* (Festival). Notable for his white fella push to the Warumpi Band, he openly pines for the "dead" heart. Experiences there on his own and with the Aboriginal inhabitants have given him the songs, but the music is freewheeling old school guitar rock and roll.

More obvious Australian Aboriginal musical sounds can be heard in the dazzlingly eclectic tapestry of Sirocco's latest *Port Of Call* (Jarra Hill). This instrumental ensemble has been doing the rounds home and abroad for nine years and four albums. Their aim of using Aboriginal, Anglo-Irish, Celtic, Mediterranean, Middle Eastern and South American influences to forge a new tradition in Australian music finds them with-

out peers and with a seductive blend.

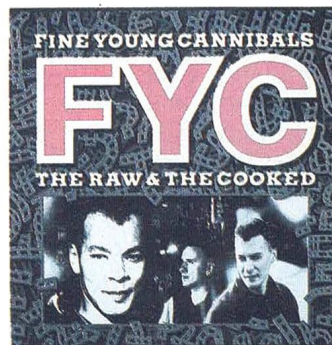
Making understandable waves in the British rock scene is **Big Bam Boo** with their cavernous harmonies and chiming guitars. *Fun, Faith And Fairplay* (MCA) has all the grand design of Big Country but the tunes belong less in an instructional manual of *Tune-A-Day* for bagpipes. Their flavor is much more mid-Atlantic, which is understandable given the Canadian/British origins of the core duo. Mr Shark and Simon Tedd aren't shy to thrash their six strings but on record they mesh as a bed for their strong harmonies.

The **Fine Young Cannibals** chew over *The Raw & The Cooked* (Polygram) at their second feast and spit out some sassy pop soul. These youthful carnivores use simple, clean elements, not drowning their songs with overarrangement.

Mick Huchnall has, on the other hand, gone a more traditional route as **Simply Red** try to strike *A New Flame* (Elektra) with old matches. Past soul masters Lamont Dozier, Gamble and Huff, and jazz-pop godfather Joe Sample have all been employed as co-writers. A pursuit of traditional song values and smooth ensemble work has quenched some of the band's original fire.

Poor old **David Crosby** has had a hard trot being busted and jailed for drugs and guns (which we all thought were just part of being an all-blooded American boy, right?). Okay, so he got a little tense, a little paranoid, but he's back with a defiant retort to doubts of him being able to cut the mustard. *Oh Yes I Can* (A&M) "still be the man you fell in love with... Fire and ice makes water." Er yes... thanks Dave. Still, the tune he croons remains geared for the ears of the remnants of the bandana brigade.

If you used to equate liking the Eagles as a condition just this side of a communicable disease you may have instinctively avoided an-



tecedents like **The Flying Burrito Brothers**. Chris Hillman, a fellow founding Byrd along with Crosby, left that nest to develop a more gospel country twang with Gram Parsons. The liner notes to *The Best Of The Flying Burrito Brothers* (A&M) rightly claim them to have influenced the likes of Emmylou Harris, Tom Petty and Elvis Costello. This west coast country for rock ears, with a dash of social conscience, makes an idiosyncratic curio.

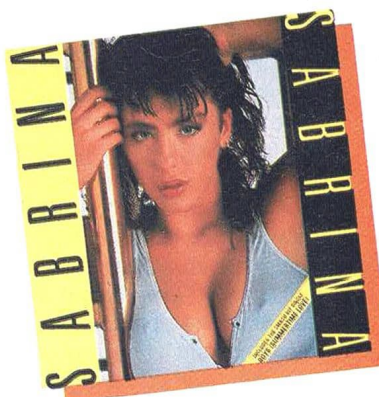
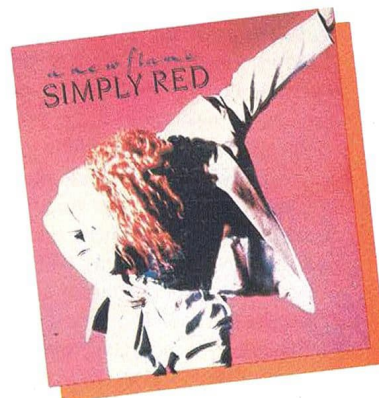
If you still crave more music from the late Sixties/early Seventies, *Tour Of Duty III* (CBS) are the songs from the soundtrack and era they originally wanted to release but couldn't get clearance for.

Sheena Easton has grown from a sugar-clad, middle of the road pop certainty till she feels she can now really express *The Lover In Me* (MCA). A new, elegantly styled, tousled hairdo, more revealing costumes and bona fide funk credentials (having duetted with Prince) are in evidence.

Much more bizarre is **Sabrina** (London). Originally released in Italy (where else!) a while back, we get her hit "Boys (Summertime Love)", as well as unbelievably limp renditions of tracks like "Kiss", "Lady Marmalade", "My Sharona", and "Do You Think I'm Sexy?" The record may be just an excuse for her cleavage to grace something larger than a magazine cover. Nevertheless Sabrina comes highly recommended for near-deaf lovers of high kitsch trivia. — *Jeremy Cook*

NAVEL-GAZING

Clockwise from far left: Tim Finn, trapped in his adolescence; Sassy pop soul from Fine Young Cannibals; A sense of tradition about Simply Red's latest; The cleavage that moves the vinyl for Sabrina.



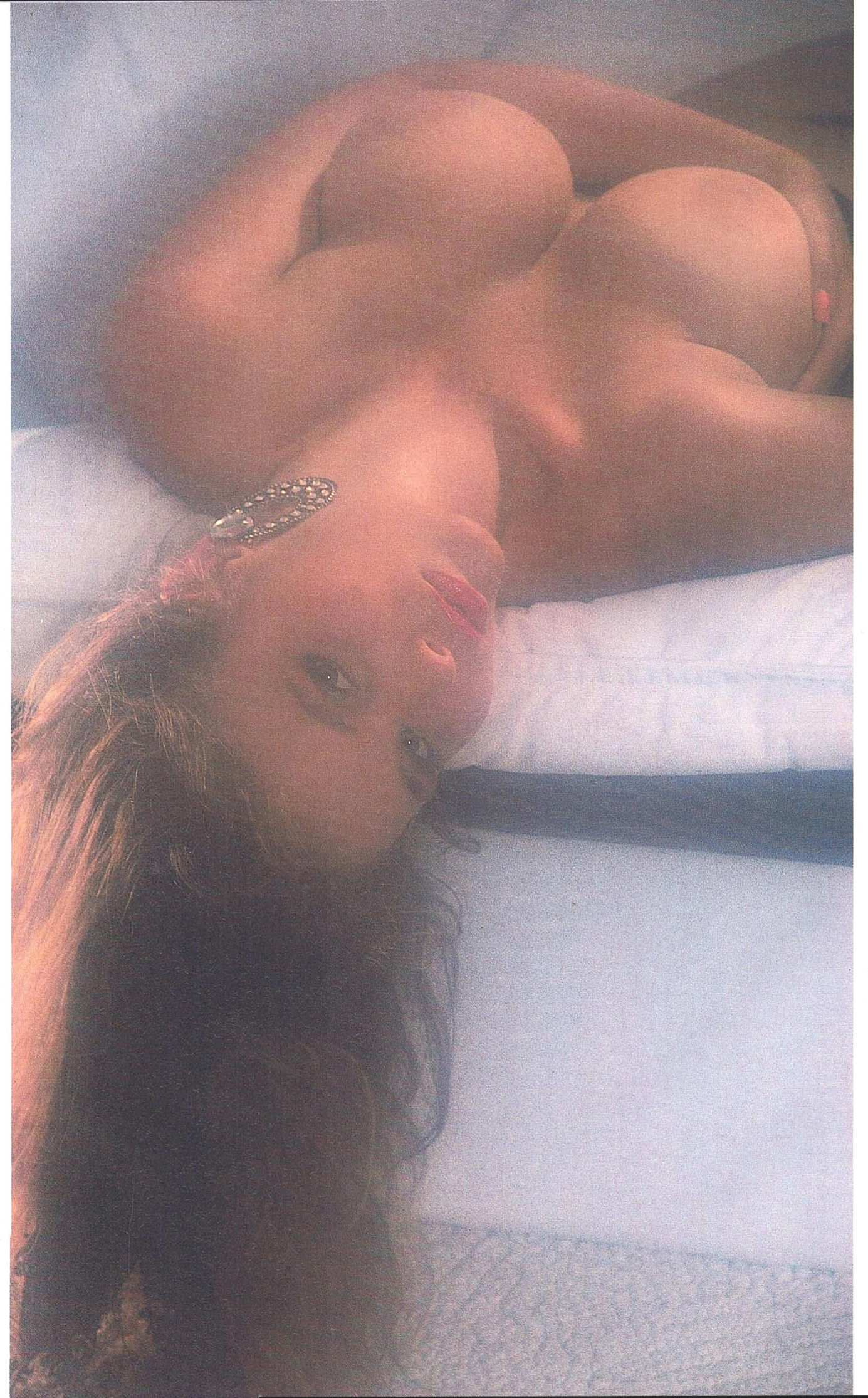
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON VOGEL

A GIRL AT HEART

Nineteen-year-old Pamela Self is a student at a fashion school. "I'm tired of spending money on clothes I can make myself," says this sexy seamstress. A thoroughly independent woman, Pamela admits there are still times when she likes to be pampered. "I love having breakfast in bed. I'm not particular about the menu, only the service."



Although her studies keep her very busy, Pamela is just as active outside the classroom. "I love playing football," she says. "I'm always up for a game of two-handed touch."







"Pushy, arrogant men are a real turn-off," Pamela states firmly. "A guy can have me in the palm of his hand if he just lets me make the first move."



Skin DEEP

Continued from page 79

the road to illustration. He persuaded her that, heavily tattooed, she would make a fortune touring country shows and going on the vaudeville circuit.

Bev got four tattoos in one night and took her bandaged arms to show her parents. "My father just went berserk! He could not believe his daughter could go out and do something like that." She returned every week. Soon she had a girl riding a fish from shoulder to elbow, with a hula girl on her right arm. A skull and dagger decorated her left. Panthers and snakes, roses around the ankles, sailing ships and a dragon finished the collection. Within five months, her shapely frame was spattered with enough tattoos to make her a saleable attraction.

Nothing we see of tattooing in the West compares with its popularity in Japan. There tattooing was first used as an indelible means of identifying convicted criminals. The mark of their crime was tattooed on their foreheads. Criminals soon became proud of these, displaying and even improving on them. They adopted as their own the *horimo* style of all-over tattoo "suits", and have turned it through the centuries into a valued art. Today, among the *Yakuza*, Japan's gangsters, a finely illustrated skin in the *irezumi* style, with samurai battling dragons

across back, buttocks and thighs, and the motif continued down one's chest and legs in a riot of flowers, trees, fish and birds, is a mark of special distinction.

Collectors take an eager interest in the work of the great masters of *irezumi*. People with well-decorated skins often sell them before their death, giving to doctors the right to flay their corpses and preserve the skin, sealed between plates of glass in a private museum.

Compared to the Japanese cult of *irezumi*, Western tattooing is amiable, even playful. Yet to be tattooed in Australia is still to make oneself, to some extent, as much an outcast as any *Yakuza*. For every Angy Anderson, happy to flaunt his decorated skin, a hundred tattooed men and women shy away from even admitting they're marked.

Sydney photographer Oliver Strowe, who has documented much of Australia's tattooed world over the years, captured their caution in two remarkable images. They show the same ageing man, obviously wealthy, sitting in his home, sipping from a tea cup held to hide his face. In the first picture, he's fully clothed: the very model of a modern businessman. But the other shows him naked, every inch of his body covered in tattoos.

Devotees blame the caution of this man and others like him on a typical Australian wowerism. "I think we need to re-examine our attitude to the whole field," one told me.

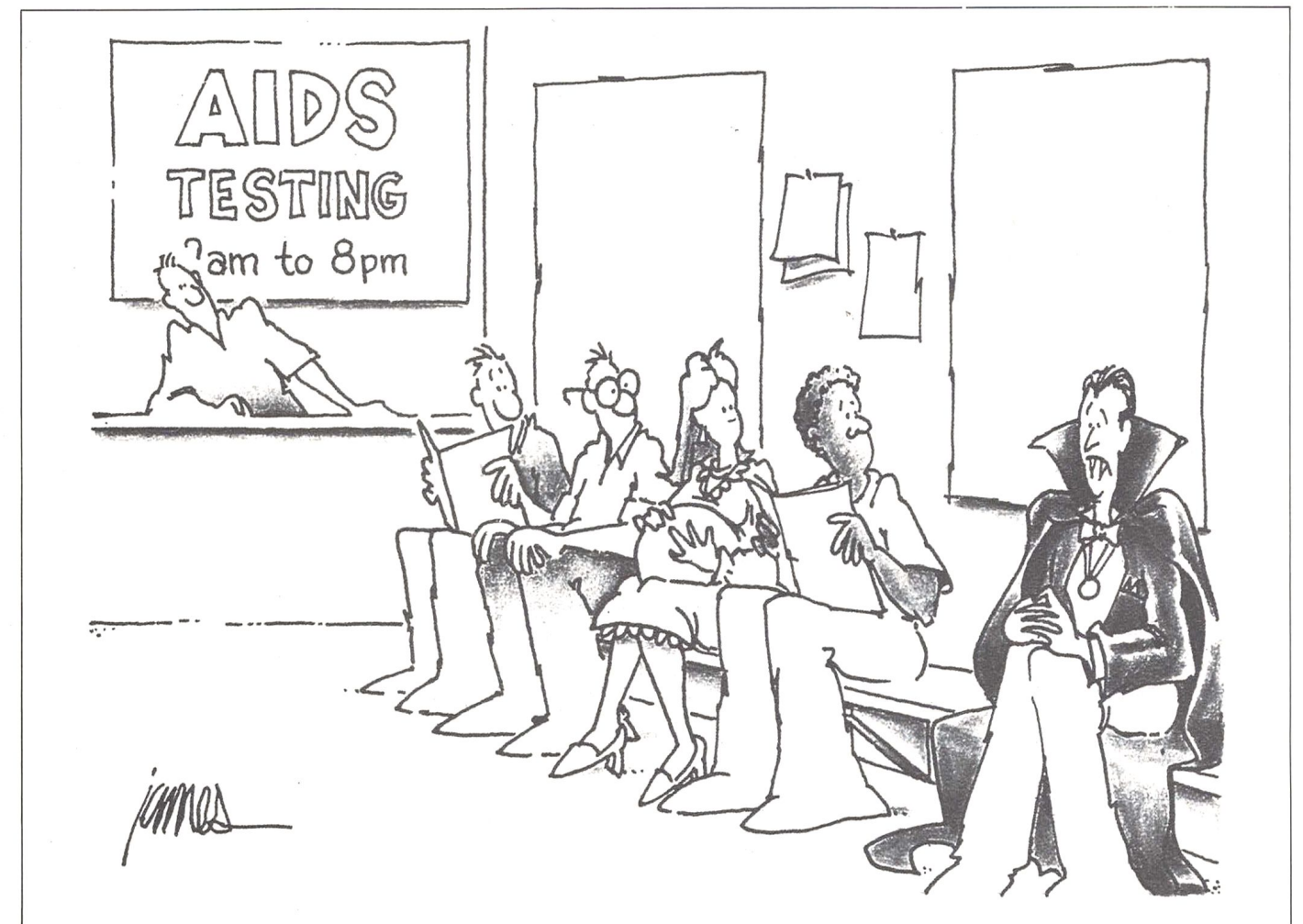
"It used to be that a tattoo marked you as the kind of man you wouldn't want your daughter to hang around with. But today, with professional men and women coming out of the closet to reveal their decorations, why should we be so censorious?"

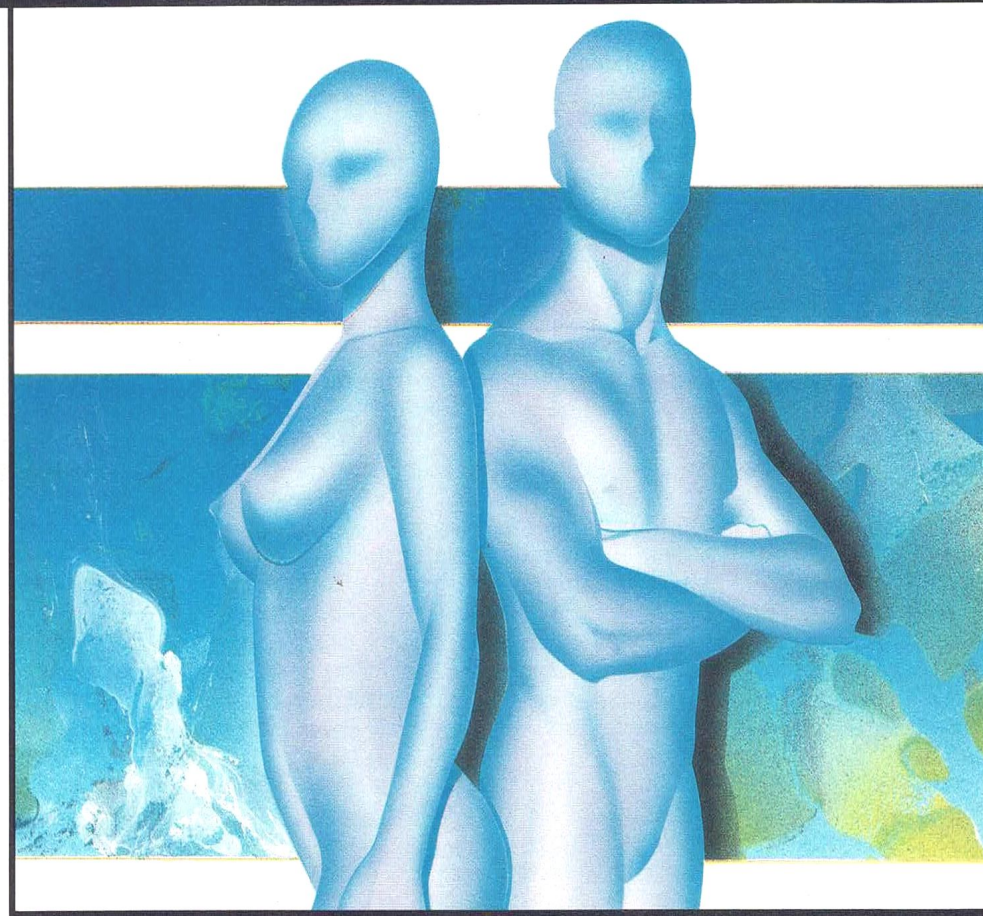
No reason. Unless it's this — that, however familiar they may become, tattoos never lose their ancient mystical associations with seduction and power — not even for the most literate and thoughtful of tattooed people. Novelist Murray Bail admitted that when he left Max "Painless" Chater's chair and walked through Kings Cross with his new black star on his shoulder, he felt somehow changed. "It felt good for quite a few days. I still have that feeling sometimes. Superior. I've altered something permanently that is *me*."

"What's wrong with having a tattoo?" asks one irate historian of the art. "It's about time people started thinking seriously about why a tattoo is so bad. I think that one can *regret* them; but one never hears about the people who are quite happy with tattoos. I'm reminded of the sign above Tony Cohen's studio."

What sign? Next time I walked by The Illustrated Man, I took a look. There's a sign there all right, hand-painted and discreet: "The Only Difference Between People Who Are Tattooed And People Who Aren't Tattooed Is That The People Who Are Tattooed Don't Care About The People Who Aren't."

That just about says it all. O—





COMING ACROSS

She doesn't like what you want. What's your next move?

Dr Bob Montgomery is a distinguished clinical psychologist who runs a Melbourne-based consultancy. He has given guest lectures on psychology throughout the world, is the author of several best-selling self-help books, and has been a regular guest on various radio and television programs in Australia. He is currently the "resident psychologist" on Nine's *Today* program.

You have a sexual fetish. It turns you on. Your partner doesn't like the idea and refuses to share it with you. What can you do, without ruining your relationship?

Technically, fetishism means being turned on by some object, or part of the body, other than the sexual organs. But many people use the term "fetish" more broadly to also refer to a behavior, rather than an object. So I will consider sexual variations, ways of getting turned on that are less typical than "normal" sexuality.

You will notice I have put "normal" in quotes. What's "normal"? The idea of normality is often confused with frequency. If most people do it, it's "normal." If only a few people do it, it's "ab-

normal." Historically, sexual intercourse in the missionary position was "normal", apparently because lots of people did it, but other positions were "abnormal" because it was believed that not many people used other positions.

At the time of the original Kinsey studies (landmark research on sexual behavior in the US) in the Forties, a number of states in the USA had laws forbidding oral sex, even between husband and wife. The message was that this behavior was so "abnormal" it should be illegal! But what Kinsey found was that the majority of people included some oral sex in their relationships. Frankly, I don't find the idea of "normal" as meaning "frequent" very useful. It ignores the impact of the behavior

— its effects on the doer and people around him.

I do find it can be helpful to talk about how "typical" a behavior is. Sometimes people are worried about some aspect of their behavior and feel reassured to be told

fetish, your sexual relationship could be stalemated. In either case, you would benefit from broadening your sexual responsiveness, so that you don't have to rely on your fetish all the time. (You will find practical instructions

and discussing the above question with you, your partner may change her mind and choose to accept your sexual fetish as part of your sexual relationship. Fine. It's also possible that she may decide she would like to accept

then go to your groin. Next she can kiss your penis briefly, without taking it into her mouth. Then she could take it in a little and gradually increase the depth of penetration and the time, until she is comfortably able to give you oral sex.

You can apply this technique to overcome any sexual aversion. You and your partner need to plan together what seem to be the appropriate steps for her gradual acceptance. You can increase her proximity to your fetish, the degree of her involvement in it, the amount of time, and so on. But I emphasise strongly that it is only appropriate when your partner has decided that she wants to overcome her discomfort at your sexual fetish. It is not something you can force on anyone.

If you and your partner have discussed my questions and you have explained to her how much you would like to include your fetish in your relationship, but she still says she is not interested, you should accept that. Attempts by you to nag or coerce will likely ruin the relationship. If your fetish was more important to you than the relationship, either it's a pretty poor relationship or you are more hung up on your fetish than you should be. Again, that would be something you could tackle by broaden-

"If your partner does not accept your fetish, your sexual relationship could be stalemated"

that it is fairly typical, that many other people behave similarly. But if you think your fetish is not typical, does that necessarily mean it is a problem for you or your relationship? I suggest you ask yourself five questions.

1. *Is it illegal?* The sillier laws about sexual behavior, like those existing in some American states forbidding oral sex, have been generally disappearing, so common sense suggests you should think carefully about breaking any of those remaining. Even if you can see no harm to anyone else from your occasional cross-dressing, it is illegal in public places and a conviction may have serious social repercussions for you.

2. *Is it immoral?* You have to decide this one, depending on your own moral views. If you engage in a sexual practice contrary to your own morals, you will probably feel guilty and depressed afterwards. You then need to decide whether it's time to revise your morals or your sexual behavior. As a psychologist, I can't advise you on the first of those goals, but I have plenty of suggestions on the second.

3. *Has it become compulsive?* Do you fail to get aroused without your fetish? If you can only turn on by cross-dressing or playing tie-ups or whatever, you have a very restricted sexual response. Even if your partner accepts your fetish, you are at risk of getting bored. If your partner does not accept your

for this in my manual, *You & Sex*, published by Nelson.)

4. *Is it possibly harmful?* Healthy sexuality offers no undue threat to your health or well-being, nor to your partner's. I'm not splitting hairs when I say "no undue threat", because you have to accept that sex is a moderately hazardous activity. Your sexual fetish should not increase the risk normally associated with being sexually active. If you both enjoy some bondage or whatever, it should be done gently enough not to offer any threat.

5. *Is it acceptable to your partner?* There are so many ways of expressing your sexuality and of

your fetish, but she still finds the idea uncomfortable. In that case, you can help her to overcome her feelings of discomfort by a gradual process. This is a well-established therapy technique. I'll outline it now as you could use it if, for example, your partner has decided she would like to be able to give you oral stimulation of your penis but she finds the idea off-putting.

Start by lying together undressed, with her head on your ankle, just looking at your penis. She keeps looking at your penis until her unpleasant feelings diminish enough for her to move her head a bit closer, say, on to your

"There is no need for either partner to put up with a sexual variation that they don't enjoy"

turning each other on that there is never any need for one of you to put up with a sexual variation that he or she does not like. Insisting that she does would be both a symptom of a distressed relationship and a cause of further distress.

If you don't want to ruin the relationship, back off and discuss rather than bully.

It's possible that after reading

knees. This might take five minutes, or several homework sessions of 10 to 15 minutes. It is up to your partner to push herself a little, so that you are progressing, but not so much that she wants to quit.

The most valuable thing you can do is to be encouraging and supportive, definitely not impatient. Step by step, she could move her head to your thigh, and

ing your own sexual responses. That could be quite a good alternative project for both of you: "Okay, lover, if you don't want to try to accept my fetish, let's do some exploration of other sexual possibilities so that I can get my turn-ons in a way that's also good for you." (You will find practical instructions for a sexual exploration and enhancement program in *You & Sex*.) ○—



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

rain lover

She's happy stretched out on a beach soaking up the sun — but she's happiest rugged up inside beside an open fire with the rain belting down outside. "I'm a rain lover, because there are no distractions from my favorite pastime — indoor games."







"My favorite game is Blind Man's Buff, although my lover and I do incorporate a few changes to the rules. All you need is a blindfold. That's *all* you need . . ."





FORUM

Continued from page 14

pens. Every once in a while, a cop or a trucker will come in for a roll and coffee, but that's about it. That was until Karla arrived last week. Karla walked in like she owned the place. Her luscious tanned legs exposed beneath her oh-so-tight dress begged for attention. I directed her towards a corner booth, and as I watched her sit, I noticed her perfectly round breasts, revealed to me by her low-cut dress. Instead of letting our waitress take care of her, I took her order of a cheeseburger and chips.

After rushing the cook to prepare her meat, I quickly brought her order to the

table. As I was placing the food on the table, I dropped the bottle of sauce. I apologised and she smiled. To my surprise, when I looked under the table for the bottle, I found myself face-to-face with a beautifully shaved cunt. Needless to say, it was quite some time before the sauce and I made it back up to the table.

I pulled her lips apart and sucked her box. She wrapped those wonderful legs around my head and put me in a vicelike hold. She slowly started to grind against me in a rhythm that matched my tonguing. In and out I flicked my mini serpent. Her grinding increased until she rocked with a thundering orgasm. Then she relaxed her grip on my head, and I stood up and looked into her eyes. "Is everything okay?" I said. "Can I do anything else for you?" Karla told me that everything was groovy, but she'd love to leave a super tip because of my outstanding service. I told the woman that nothing was expected — I'm just a really nice guy — and she said, "Go find me something to write on so I can leave you a tip." I hurried to the pantry, her honey still glistening on my lips, and searched for a scrap of paper.

When I returned to Karla's table, she was still squirming in her seat. I handed her the paper and she quickly wrote down her address. "I think you should come over and pick up your tip after you get off work this morning," she smiled. "Get there quick, 'cause the sooner you arrive, the bigger your tip will be!"

God, I was so horny! I thought of going to the men's room and thrashing on my main vein, but I changed my mind, thinking that her lips were definitely better than my hands. It seemed that six o'clock took double the time to arrive, and when it did I left dust zooming off to Karla's. She lived down by the lake in a fantastic-looking house that must have set her back a couple of pennies. I rang her bell.

When the door opened, I could have dropped right there. She was wearing a knee-length fur coat that still showed enough leg to get any dick hard. "This is the express to the top," she said. "I thought that you would never get here!" Right away Karla went for the zipper on my jeans and began to yank at it. She released my beast and started to gorge herself on it.

I wanted to fuck, so I pulled her down on to the sofa next to me and held her in my arms. Our flesh pressing together caused a very comforting warmth between us. Our tongues warmed around each other's mouth, prying into our innermost reaches. I gently combed her long flowing hair with my fingers and looked deeply into her eyes. No words were spoken and none were needed — we both knew what dangers such passion generated.

As I traced the smooth outline of her gorgeous body, she took my dick in her hands and admired the seven and a half inches I had to offer. I was so excited that some precome dribbled out of my cock. The release of my juices excited Karla and she massaged my throbbing cock until it was rock-solid. Every touch created a new sensation for me, when finally Karla slid down to kiss my aching member. She slowly circled her tongue around my cockhead. The way she sucked at my big guy got me wanting her luscious, wet cunt. I lifted her up and bent her over the back of the sofa to take her from behind. She bucked against me as the pace quickened.

The feelings I experienced were incredible and I slammed into her creamy hole as far as I could go. I couldn't believe that I hadn't come yet. I mean, we were going at it for quite some time now — well, the longest I ever did with a girl! Suddenly Karla moaned that she was going to come, so I stopped playing with her curvaceous contours and went right for her love button. With that, Karla went crazy and I started to build up my own climax. To my surprise, Karla said that she wanted me to come in her mouth. I quickly obliged by placing my engorged tool between her waiting, moist lips. She sucked me with fury and finally I reached my climax — it was the best orgasm I ever had. Loads and loads of my come poured down her throat — I couldn't stop! When I was done, I dropped to the floor. Karla hugged me and told me that I tasted sweet.

After a warm embrace and a few tender words, we dressed, gently replacing the articles that we so eagerly removed. Karla escorted me out and I kissed her lightly on the cheek. I caught one last look of her — that knowing smile and beautiful face — and knew that I would never see her again. As I drove home I thought to myself that if every tip were like this, I wouldn't mind working the graveyard shift as much. — *Name and address withheld*

The postman always works hard

I became a mailman when I was released from the navy. I heard the other guys at work talking about their conquests on their mail routes, but I figured most of them were lying or, at best, stretching the truth. I must say that I came across a few ladies who flirted — but doesn't everybody? I soon learned that flirting sometimes leads to bigger and greater things!

I remember Ginny. She was about 25 or so with a body that could stop traffic. She had these pouting eyes and the most sensuous lips I had ever seen. Every day she would be there to take her mail.

As soon as I stepped on to the verandah, the door opened and this arm would protrude from the door, accompanied by a voice that said, "Don't put it in the box. I'll take it." When I offered her the mail, she would open the door some more to receive it. Ginny was always in some state of undress — a robe that was partially open, a flimsy gown, or something of that nature. Many times I caught fleeting glimpses of her magnificent breasts with those pink, hard nipples — even sometimes the darkness of her public patch. Sometimes her looks were so intense I wanted to fuck her right there — but I wasn't sure what this fine lady was really up to.

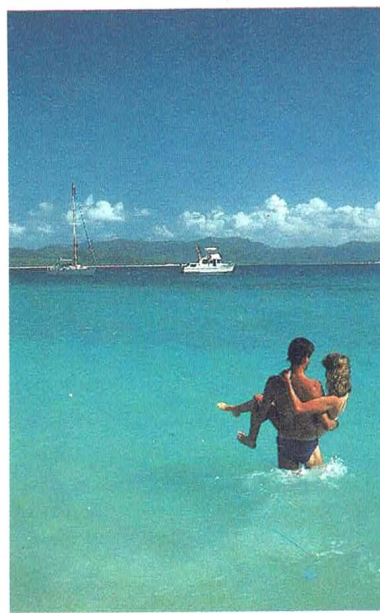
I told myself that all I needed was for some "teaser" to tell Hubby Dear that I hit on her — then all hell could break loose, including my job. So I made up my mind that only if she gave me anything concrete to go on would I try something. My wait was short-lived. On this particular day, everything was as usual. I stepped on to the verandah, the door opened a bit, and that sweet, sexy voice cooed for me not to put the mail in the box. I opened the screen door to give Ginny the mail, and she was standing there in nothing but a wet towel — and a small one at that. She took a step backward and said, "Just drop it on the desk there." As I started for the desk, which was just out of arm's reach, her towel fell to the floor and she said, "Oops! Would you be a sweetheart and pick that up for me?" I bent to pick up the towel and she sighed and opened her legs slightly. I looked up at her face, then realised that my face was just inches away from her

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FORUM

beautiful pussy. Slowly I walked my eyes down to her manicured cunt.

"If I see something I like, I kiss it," she purred. "What do you do?" I was momentarily speechless. "Well, I guess I'd do this," and I gently placed a kiss right at the top of her pubic triangle. I kicked the front door closed with my foot without even straightening up. I heard a sharp intake of breath from her, then stood to face her. Her eyes had a vulnerable look, and her lips quivered ever so slightly. I dropped my satchel, then unbuckled my pants, letting them fall to my feet. I slipped my underpants down to mid-thigh and her eyes set on my manhood.

"Do you like it?" I asked.

She brushed her fingers along its side.

"Oh my, yes," she said.

"Well?" I said. She remembered her saying, and slowly fell to her knees and planted a kiss right on my cockhead. I could feel the blood start to engorge my cock. She coyly looked up at me and said, "Oh yes, yes, yes!"

She planted little wet kisses along the shaft, and it started to thicken. "I want it to get hard in my mouth," she said. With that, she completely engulfed my dick in her warm, velvety mouth. The lady was a pro. She was literally swallowing my cock on each downstroke. I had to lean against the door to keep from falling. I felt myself reaching the point of no return, so I held her head motionless so I could compose myself.

"Hold it, sweet thing, I want to fuck you," I told her. She reluctantly slid my

dick out of her mouth, holding it in both her hands. "Yeah, I want your big dick in me. But first, eat me and make my pussy nice and juicy for you," Ginny whispered to me. She went over to the couch, sat down on the edge, and began to play with herself. "See, I'm getting it ready for you, lover." She smiled and licked her finger, tasting her own juice. I hurriedly stripped away my clothing and dived for her waiting snatch. I could smell a mixture of her natural female scent and fragrant dusting powder. Her pussy hair was still damp from her recent shower. I gave her one long lick from bottom to top, and she went crazy, moaning and coming like mad! *Jesus*, I thought, *this is a hot little mama*.

"Oh God, please stop! Fuck me now. I can't stop coming!" she said. So I slowly slid it into her warm love box.

"No, baby, I want that thing all the way in. Now!" she panted. As she said this she grabbed my buttocks and pulled with all her might as she hunched toward me. She was really out of control now, and after a couple of strokes she started coming again. We both fell off the couch during this frenzy and continued on the floor to earth-shattering climaxes. Afterwards we just lay and tried to catch our breaths.

Then, while I was dressing, she told me that she had been watching me for months and used to masturbate every day after I gave her the mail.

It wasn't long before Ginny's house became one of my favorite "break stops". The only bad thing was that I had to really run my tail off to make up for the time I spent on my "break". — *Name*

and address withheld.

Licorice ride

It all started at a party where among the crowd were friends and people I had known from other parties and nights out. When my lover introduced me to his friend, I could see the look in his eyes. I anticipated a growing feeling of chills running through my bones and my blood, and my pussy began to tingle.

As the party progressed, I noticed a man who was introduced to me earlier speaking to a very attractive girl. They were obviously enjoying each other's company. It seemed the more my lover and I drank and laughed together, the more excited I became. When it was time for us to leave, my lover told me that the man and girl I'd had my eye on were joining us for more drinks.

The driver brought the car around and we all climbed in the back. Everything began to happen so quickly. My lover and I started to kiss, and I became more aroused as he caressed my tits and pussy. He then told me to lie back. I did, and he began to take off my shirt, stopping to feel my tits, kiss them, and suck on my nipples. It was so quiet in the car — not a word was said.

The man from the party and his girlfriend were sitting across from us the whole time this was going on. They watched as my lover pleased me, and heard my cries of pure pleasure. Sheepishly I turned toward them, but the man just smiled and came over to sit next to us. Leaning over me, he smoothed my body with his gentle hands while kissing my sensitive breasts. My lover went over to join the girlfriend, and began to kiss and fondle her gorgeous body.

By now I could feel my pussy getting hot and swollen. I could feel its throbbing, its need to be touched. I reached down and began to play with my clit — that's when I felt her hands and tongue. She wanted to eat my pussy. The guys had stopped to watch. Momentarily, the girl's companion got behind her, grabbed her arse, and began to suck her pussy, while my lover put his cock into my wet, waiting mouth. We went on and on like that for some time until my lover knew that I was about to come from having my pussy eaten. He shot his load into my mouth, and the hot salty taste allowed me to come more intensely than ever before.

We drove along, happily sucking and fucking, switching from body to body, feeling the new pleasure each of us could give and receive. I had never before thought of participating in a foursome, and I never thought the experience could be so erotic. Surprisingly, we made it safely back to the man's car. After all that had happened, I finally took notice of the open partition that separated us from the driver — I'm sure he enjoyed the ride too! — *Name and address withheld*



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Fantasy Hotline

Ian Botham

Continued from page 53

personally because I don't think averages give anything like a true picture — well, fine, okay. Let's have a look at it, here are my facts and figures — show me better.

Penthouse: The current era has produced four undeniably great all-rounders — yourself, Richard Hadlee, Imran Khan and Kapil Dev. How do you rate our great white hope, Steve Waugh? Will he ever be up there, or are we being too optimistic?

Botham: I've heard some pretty remarkable statements about what Steve Waugh's going to do. I think the best advice I could give to the Australian public is to let Steve Waugh get on with his game. There seems to be a lot of pressure on him to be the great all-rounder. He hasn't even got a Test century yet. Let's let him get a Test century, and let him get a few wickets. Has he got 5 for in a Test match? I don't know. It's not helping him, because the lad's come into the Australian side at a time when Australian cricket is not going through one of its heydays. When I came into the England side, I had guys like Tony Greig, Bob Willis, Allan Knott, Mike Brearley, Geoff Boycott, Derek Underwood — all these experienced men around me, whereas Steve came into a team that's rebuilding. That made it a hell of a lot easier for me than it's been for him, I think.

Penthouse: How do you rate the others of the big four?

Botham: At the end of the day I think I've played in an era that's produced four of the best all-rounders the game has ever seen. I think if you took us all at peak fitness, there's not a lot to choose. Hadlee is the best bowler of us all; Imran is the quickest bowler; Kapil sort of floats in and out; and when it comes to match-winning performances, that's where I've had it up my sleeve. So there isn't much to choose from us, and I've had a lot of fun playing with those guys. They're all good mates, so it's been a privilege to play against them.

Penthouse: Does it bother you that your record against the world's best — the West Indies — is not as good as that of any of the others?

Botham: Yes, it does.

Penthouse: It could be argued that in this era, performances against the West Indies are the final arbiter when it comes to assessing a cricketer's abilities.

Botham: Well, I haven't set the world alight when I've played against them, but you don't see too many people do a lot against the Windies. The problem I had was that I'd done so much against everyone else that everyone expected so much against the Windies, and it just never really happened for me.

Penthouse: Are you itching for another crack at them?

Botham: Yes.

Penthouse: What's your opinion of one-day cricket? Has it saved the game or ruined it?

Botham: Well, it's certainly saved the game. English cricket would've been in a terrible mess otherwise. It rejuvenated everything. Gates had to be shut and crowds turned away before big one-day games. Soccer had its problems with the hooliganism, so people went to the cricket instead. It became the thing to do.

Penthouse: So you have no time for those who, like Bill O'Reilly, say cricket has been irrevocably destroyed by the "pyjama game"?

Botham: It's all very well people saying that, but maybe they'd like to suggest how we'd have got the revenue to have saved the game without it. I didn't see any of them come up with any bright ideas before that. They were all quite happy to sit back and watch the game sink into oblivion, which was the only place it was going.

Penthouse: What do you think of men like

“
It was
the original kangaroo
court. It's the right
country to have
one of them,
I suppose.
”

Dennis Compton, Ray Illingworth, Fred Trueman — your principal detractors at home — who, in spite of the statistical evidence, still reckon you're not much of a cricketer?

Botham: All I can say is I mightn't be a very good cricketer, but I'm certainly all right as a bloke. I don't think there's any point wasting more breath on them.

Penthouse: You went on the wagon to get in shape for this Ashes series. How's that going?

Botham: I went on the wagon for four months, up until about a month ago. I'm not on it over here — with the wines you've got here, you'd have to be joking. It ended once I started full training. I'm pretty sensible now with what I drink; I mean, I'm not crazy. I don't drink a lot of beer. I basically enjoy my wine. I can't see how a bottle of wine does me any harm.

Penthouse: So you lost all this weight — 12 kilos — and you said a few months ago you were staying on the wagon even though you didn't need to lose any more. Is that an admission that, despite all the legends, you can no longer expect to get on the piss all night and then go out and hit a hundred in 60 balls?

Botham: I hope I can. Otherwise I'll be struggling — hah! No, that was just purely because I hadn't done anything for six months or whatever, and I just wanted to give myself every chance. When I say every chance, I mean, I don't sit at home and drink. I never have done. I'm a social drinker. If the lads are going out, well, let's go out and have a good night — that's my attitude. But I hardly ever drink at home, unless perhaps a glass of wine with a meal. But the press at home said to me, "Are you drinking?" and I said "No" and so they naturally tried to build more into that, and I said, "Look, I'm just in training." Basically, I am a social drinker. If I'm sat at home I'm not one of these guys who drinks a bottle of Scotch while I'm watching TV.

Penthouse: Can you still drink three pints in a minute?

Botham: If I had to, yeah. Mind, it doesn't stay down for long afterwards — a waste of good beer, really. I couldn't do it with the lager over here. It has to be English beer.

Penthouse: Has your falling out with Allan Border, who was a great mate, been mended? Will you be getting along all right in this Ashes series?

Botham: Again, there was so much drivel written about that. I'd like to think that if AB and I had any problems, we could sit down over a beer and sort them out. But the press always want an angle, don't they? There's always got to be a reason... We had a row. That's not bad — we've known each other 12 or 15 years or whatever, and we've had one row. Immediately they think it's World War II.

Penthouse: What exactly was the row about?

Botham: It was about cricket — and... er... a few things. But the relevant point is that, as far as Allan and I were concerned... Well, the other night we had a dinner here, and it was the first time I'd seen him since I got back to Australia. He came along to the dinner, we're all at this team reception, and all these cameramen are there, and I think they're all expecting the two of us to walk up to each other and bash the shit out of each other. I like to think that if me and Allan had any problems, we wouldn't stoop to the standards that they, the media, obviously set for themselves. We'd sit down and have a beer and talk about it. It was just blown totally out of proportion.

Penthouse: So after a hard day's play against the Aussies you'll be having a beer with the opposition, just like in the good old days? No hard feelings about the Queensland sacking? [In March last year the Queensland Cricket Association terminated Botham's three-year contract after he had pleaded guilty to charges of assault and offensive behavior on a flight from Brisbane to Perth.]

Botham: Of course. How long can you carry a grudge? Do you actually walk around thinking: "That bastard — how

Continued on page 139

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SAY A LITTLE PRAYER

"The single life may suit some people — but not this one," says Lee-Anne Richards. "The moment I wake up, I say a little prayer that this be the day I finally meet *Him*, my dream lover."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER





Lee-Anne says she meets plenty of him in her working day — but all too few qualify for her affections. "I have a picture of him in my mind — my own personal identikit. I hope he exists. He's my own private Most Wanted."



ALFA ROMEO

After a decade in the doldrums, Alfa Romeo's latest offering hits the critics for six

Feel the quality, check the badge. This is an Alfa Romeo? Lordy, lordy, it's a Vatican-assisted miracle.

The luxury Alfa 164 saloon is poised to reassure mad-eyed *Alfisti* that their unswerving, at times unrealistic loyalty has been rewarded. As well, for the first time in maybe a decade, an Alfa model has the potential to win over those not of the faith. It warms the cockles of the heart to write something positive about a marque that has copped plenty in the corporate groin lately. True, these are the first nice words about Alfa in *Penthouse* for some years. Until now, despite the earnest guarantees of wonder and glory and excitement courtesy of the messengers from Milan, praise could not be justified. Right through the Eighties, Alfa Romeo has been telling us that the company was all

MOTORING BY PETER MCKAY





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Ian Botham

Continued from page 126

could he do that?" or whatever. You wouldn't get anywhere in life like that.

Penthouse: You said at the time of the Australian controversy that you "didn't give a stuff" about the \$5000 fine, but it was said that you were pretty shaken up by the sacking. What were your real feelings about that decision?

Botham: I was angry more than anything. I was angry that I wasn't allowed to speak on my own behalf. I was angry that a lot of people over here jumped on the bandwagon without knowing what the hell went on, and without even bothering to ask me what went on. If you like, it was the original kangaroo court. It's the right country to have one of them, I suppose.

Penthouse: When you say "what went on", are you referring solely to that infamous plane flight?

Botham: Yeah. I mean, that was blown totally out of proportion. And who did they use for a scapegoat? The same guy they always seem to use over here — Greg Ritchie. He wasn't even there — he was in the loo at the back of the plane, having a pee, before we landed. The row was between myself and Allan Border, so surely if two people were going to be charged, why wasn't Allan Border charged?

Penthouse: Well, we did hear your version.

Botham: All I said was: "Mind your own business — it's got nothing to do with you."

Penthouse: We did get that side of the story...

Botham: Yes, but I read in the paper when I got to France for the walk... it was quoted over here — and in England, I hasten to add — that there were headlocks and all this crap. Well, those newspaper reports were just fucking lies. All I did was turn his head gently — like this, I'll show you — and said, "Mind your own business." And I apologised straight away afterwards to the guy, as the plane landed. I said, "I'm very sorry, but it was a case of you being in the wrong place at the wrong time."

Penthouse: Were you particularly angered that the ban was sanctioned by a man who once ordered an underarm delivery in an international match and subsequently had his own problems with the tabloid press?

Botham: All I can say to Greg Chappell is that if you live in a glass house you shouldn't throw stones... I've just been shown a few things that Greg Chappell has supposedly said. Now, again, perhaps he didn't say all of them — but I think he did. From what I've found out since I got back here — when you read things like: "I never wanted him to come here in the first place" — well, if that's the case, why the hell did he greet me when I came here? I just don't understand that. I think the quote was: "If we won the Shield, it would always be regarded as Botham's Shield and not Queensland's." Well, that might be his mentality, but it's certainly not mine, and I don't think the people of Queensland would have thought that either. And I suggest to Greg that he doesn't know the people of Queensland that well if that's what he really thinks. And what the hell — does it matter *who* wins it? The object was that Queensland won the Shield. That was the object for me. I wanted to be part of the Queensland team that won the Shield; and the point is, *part* of the Queensland team. Excuse me, but did Greg Chappell come from Queensland? He was imported from South Australia. So I didn't come that much further than him to play for Queensland, did I?

Penthouse: Another of the things he reportedly said was that he was always concerned that you were going to lead some of the players astray, and when you did turn up to training you were totally disruptive to the team. What do you think of the allegation that you disrupted the Queensland team's morale?

Botham: I would think the best people to answer that would be the team members. We hardly saw Greg Chappell anyway, so I'm not quite sure how he could come to that conclusion. But as far as team spirit went, put it this way: when I went to the reception the other night and all the guys were there, the impression I got was that they were all pretty pleased to see me again; and the further impression was that they were all pretty pissed off about what happened. So I suggest that I did more for team spirit in that

dressing room than obviously Greg Chappell is aware of — or wants to be aware of is perhaps the way I should put it.

Penthouse: Allan Border had placed a blanket ban on alcohol in order to instill a certain spirit, of the sort that had worked for the Australian team that summer...

Botham: AB [Border] at the time was not speaking to any of the players. He was not speaking to his own team-mates for the two games prior to the final. The argument on the plane was because I said to him: "That's not the way to deal with it." And he said — well, whatever. The point is that team spirit is not exactly at its highest point when the captain is virtually sending messages to his own players. It was a very weird situation to be in, and not one that was conducive to a side winning the Shield. It was sad, really, because the team spirit was excellent, I thought, up to that point, and I think myself and a couple of the other senior players did as much as we possibly could for team spirit at that stage.

Penthouse: So the idea that you didn't want to be in the alcohol ban, saying words to the effect that you'd played 17 years of successful first-class cricket as a drinker and that this was a childish thing to put on grown men — that was not central to the whole argument, the whole problem?

Botham: No. I did say that I thought the ban was ludicrous. I said I'm 32 years of age and I think I know when to say no. But we abided by it, for the first game in Melbourne, and come the end of the game, when the captain was still not speaking to his own players, I thought, why the hell should I take any notice of him? But I stuck it, we all stuck it, for a few days. I didn't see it make any difference to our games.

Penthouse: Both Tim Hudson [former manager] and later Tom Byron [current manager] claimed they were going to make you cricket's first sterling millionaire. Did the Queensland sacking make that a forlorn hope?

Botham: No. No. I told the British public what happened, and I think they accepted what happened. Also, I think the British public take very little notice of what's written in the newspapers, because the standard of journalism in the English tabloids is comical. It's cheque book journalism at its worst, and the British public have had enough of it.

Penthouse: Just on the question of your earning capacity, is there still a possibility of you being a sterling millionaire at the end of the day?

Botham: Who says I'm not?

Penthouse: How much do you reckon the Queensland sacking cost you all up?

Botham: It cost me nothing.

Penthouse: What about all the sponsorship deals that went down the tube?

Botham: It didn't cost me anything because it was actually costing me money to come out here and play cricket last year. I had to pay for my own house, my own accommo-

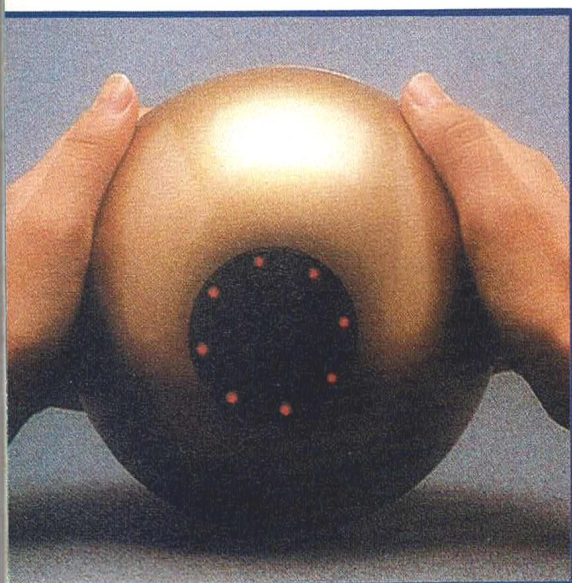
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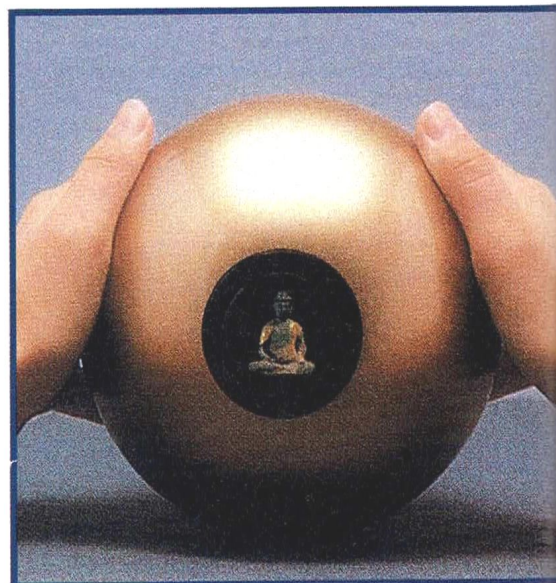
Continued on page 144

LOOSE ENDS



SPACECASE SPECIAL

Attention bliss bunnies. Now there's a product to help you "tune in" that's not on the poisons list. The Alpha Q is the next best thing to a crystal ball. This device has been designed to show you visually the process of relaxation, working on the basis that stress-related changes in the body can be measured by the Galvanic Skin Resistance test. This orb is held in the fingers; the lights on it go out one by one as you relax. When your brain wave state goes from Beta to Alpha — the state associated with deep relaxation — an image of Buddha appears and, well, you're probably asleep anyway. Further info on (02) 519 2714.



QUALITY SOUND

Alpine, the leaders of the pack when it comes to quality car sound, are currently marketing the new Unison series of components. Pictured here is the Alpine 7357 component of the series, featuring a tilt-front panel with bright graphics for ideal operation. Tape heads are covered by Alpine's lifetime guarantee. At Alpine stockists.



THE BIG ONE

Hot from Honda and begging for closer inspection comes the CBR 1000FK. This road machine features lightweight liquid-cooled DOHC four-valve in-line four-cylinder engine with screw type valve adjustment, and automatic cam chain tensioner that pumps out 135PS at 9500 rpm. What a mouthful! The bike also boasts computer controlled digital transistorised ignition with electronic advance and its compact oil-cooled alternator mounted behind the cylinders is a design first. Loads more stuff besides. Retailing at around \$9985 at Honda dealerships.



SHEER LUXURY

Nothing beats the freshness and sheer luxury of a soft, fluffy terry towelling robe, and there are a few better available than the stylish Christian Dior range for men and women. Thick, pure cotton Christian Dior robes are complemented by a range of Dior towels and luxury bath sheets. The 1989 Christian Dior Leisure and Bathroom Collection is currently available at leading department stores and quality manchester outlets.

SOME LIKE IT DRY

Sales figures are booming for one of the latest quenching releases, Tooheys Dry — reminiscent of similar booms in Japan and the US when dry beers first hit the target over there. Compared to regular ales and lagers, dry beers are very crisp and clean on the palate. The extended fermentation method allows a greater proportion of the malt extract to be devoured by the yeast, so there is very little residual sugar. Important point, though, for those looking for a new taste sensation who haven't tried this number — do not drink less than ice cold.



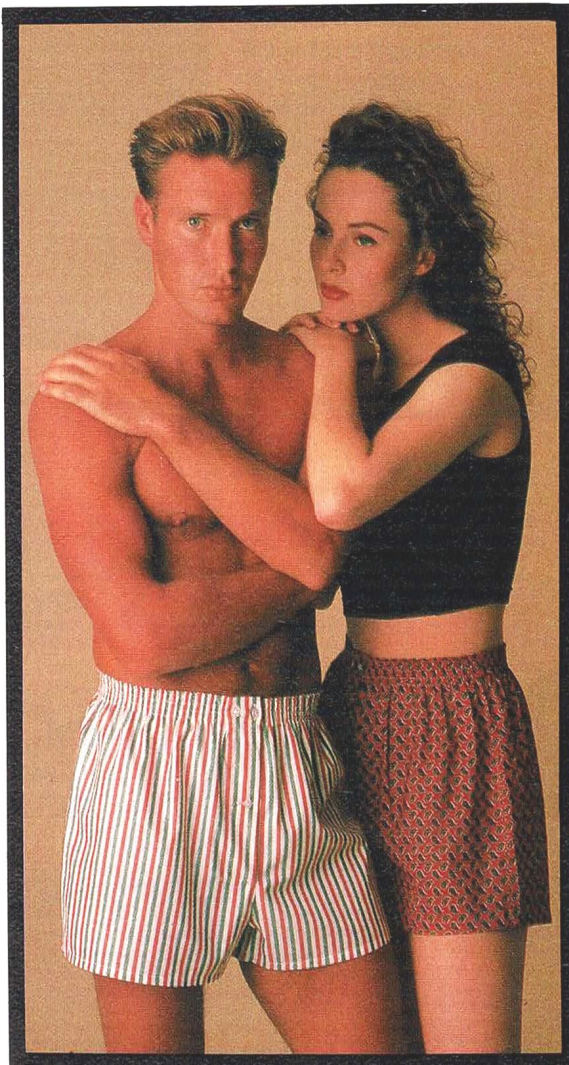
LOOSE ENDS

Boxer shorts have come out from under. Men and women are wearing them as gym gear, swimming trunks and gadabout leisure wear. Tie Rack, the niche retailers specialising in men's and women's accessories, have been selling a bright selection of boxers at their four Sydney stores for the past year and they report that sales have increased 100 per cent in that time. Why not? Pure cotton printed boxers sell for only \$12.99 and pure silk varieties are not an extravagance at \$32.99. Great gifts. Tie Rack stores can be found in Centrepoint, Bondi Junction Plaza and in the Westfield complexes at Chatswood and Parramatta.

PYRAPONICS

The Phototron was originally designed, it's claimed, as a laboratory tool — but now it's out there in the lounge rooms of the world as a feature display. This is the world's only ultra hi-tech horticultural growth chamber. Two thousand foot-candles of light are generated within the interior of the Phototron and the plexiglass panels are tinted. This keeps most of the light inside the device; it remains crystal clear so you can see your plants grow; and it gives off a beautiful gas lantern effect to a room. Hundreds of flowers can be removed and placed in vases without ever killing off the plants. All you ever have to do is water daily. The Phototron is distributed worldwide by Pyraponics Industries. Write to them at PO Box 27809, San Diego, California 92128 USA for more details.

BOXER REBELLION



REMAKE REMODEL

Auto-Tek is an Adelaide outfit specialising in a number of body-styling conversion packages for current model petrol-munchers, the new Ford Falcon the latest to get the treatment. Components are manufactured from engineering grade thermoplastics and meet Ford's standards for fit and finish. Contact any Ford dealer for information about this individualised Falcon Sprint or ring Auto-Tek in Adelaide on (08) 294 8144.

CLASSIC MALTS — THE TASTE OF SCOTLAND

Scotch whisky drinkers — you are in for a treat! United Distillers has released a range of six classic malt whiskies, each one coming from a different region of Scotland and each bottled at its optimum age and strength.

Your canny Scot friends will loudly proclaim that "real" whisky is single malt whisky, that uniquely-flavored Scottish product of the pot still. Single malt whiskies are, by definition, pure malt whiskies that are the product of one distillery. The essentials are simple: water, barley, yeast and the experience and the art of the distiller. And, of course, time.

United Distillers has selected a range of six of its finest single malts:

Lagavulin is probably the most pungent malt — from Islay in the New Hebrides, it has a smoky peaty taste, distinctive and robust; *Talisker* comes from the only distillery on the Isle of Skye — it is well balanced with a slightly sweet aroma and it explodes on the pal-

ate; *Glenkinchie* comes from the lowlands, south-east Scotland — a pre-dinner malt, it has a light delicate nose, clean aroma and pale color; *Oban* is a richly complex West Highland malt — established in 1794, the distillery actually predates the town which grew up around it — and it has a fresh, delicate taste; *Cragganmore* comes from the fertile richness of Speyside and is a perfect after-dinner malt with a good firm body and malty, smoky finish; *Dalwhinnie* from the Northern Highlands completes the selection — the pureness of the waters, over 1000 feet above sea level, impart a soft whispery finish to his single malt. It is an ideal alternative to liqueurs with its heathery delicate finish.

Are your taste buds tempted? Visit your local liquor store and ask if they have the United Distillers' Classic Malts range. They're available in a sample pack of six 50ml miniatures, or in stylish bottles, each of which tells the legends of the fine Scotch whisky they contain. For more information, write to Classic Malts, PO Box 165, Rosebery, NSW, 2018.



STREAKER

If you're out to set world track cycling records the Clamont Track Professional Cycle is the baby for you. If you're not, well, you can still admire the beauty of its aerodynamic design. The frame is custom built in Australia using an Italian Columbus tubing set specifically designed with aerodynamic profiles. This tubing and the low configuration of the frame design combine with the carbon fibre disc wheels and "cowhorn" handlebars to give the rider superb wind-cheating capability. The Clamont Track Professional is available through the Clarence St Cyclery in Sydney, phone (02) 29 4962.





Sydney's Nikki Williams

A QUICK PEEK AT SEPTEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

LA War — You've seen the movie *Colors* — but the reality is even worse. Australian photographer Wayne Miles came out of the war zone of East Los Angeles with a unique portfolio of graphic shots obtained by a combination of street smarts, luck; and sheer bravado. No-one has ever gotten this close to the LA gang scene. Don't miss LA War in September *Penthouse*.

The Waterhouse Effect — The five-year-old Fine Cotton affair was the biggest scandal in Australian racing for decades. Bookmaker Robbie Waterhouse was one of many who were standing in the way when it hit the fan. Stripped of his licence and warned off racecourses around the world, Waterhouse is still suffering from the Fine Cotton sting. September *Australian Penthouse* asks why.

Horses For Courses — Polocrosse, an exciting horse sport invented in Australia, is currently making big strides among horse people the world over, thanks to an aggressive marketing push. If it ever gets on the Olympic program, this is one gold medal we've got in the bag.

Ian Botham Interview Part 2 — The second instalment of the interview looks at Botham The Man. The great all-rounder pulls no punches on the tabloid press and the sex and drug scandals that have rocked his career. Is he a man more sinned against than sinning? Find out in the next month's *Penthouse*.

Pet Of The Month — Gorgeous 20-year-old Nikki Williams explores her Spanish roots, and more, in a stunning pictorial presentation next month. But this is one girl who's not from Barcelona. She's from Sydney — and in between her studies for a science degree and her blossoming modelling career she found time to pose for the camera as never before. A must see.

Ian Botham

Continued from page 139

dation, and this and that. I didn't get any offer of help. Financially, the Australian thing was a failure.

Penthouse: The numbers were added up and it was said you'd lose around a million dollars over the two years in sponsorship deals alone.

Botham: The amazing thing is how many people seem to think they know what I'm earning. I don't discuss my contracts with anyone. Who does talk about their contracts with the press? I certainly don't, and I don't know many sportsmen who do.

Penthouse: You've been in trouble before with a comment about Pakistan, but were you in sympathy with the Australians when they threatened to pull out of the last tour there? Do you agree with the view that you can't win there?

Botham: Well, you *can't* win over there.

Penthouse: Were you in sympathy with them when they were talking of coming home?

Botham: I don't think that would have achieved anything. I think if you don't want to go there, which I don't — I don't want to go there again so I just don't go. Simple as that. But if you go, and you know what's going to happen, why the hell whinge when you get there? What were they expecting when they went? I mean, most of the guys had been there before. They knew what they were going to get.

Penthouse: Your erstwhile friend, teammate and eventual captain at Somerset, Peter Roebuck, has canvassed the view (with which he doesn't totally agree) that you're so wild you destroy a team's cohesion — that you're a man with whom it's impossible to play. What do you think of that notion?

Botham: I don't think a lot of Peter Roebuck, full stop.

Penthouse: He was once a good friend, was he not?

Botham: Yeah, but he was a good friend of Viv's and Joel's [Garner] as well.

Penthouse: Another thing he has said of you — not necessarily a criticism, rather an observation — is that you're often blamed for an England Test defeat because you dominate a game so much that if you play badly, the effect on the team is disastrous. Does your own performance affect your team-mates that much?

Botham: The problem is that you can get a situation where lesser players tend to rely . . . Well, I find that a strange statement, because everyone in the England side wants to see each other do well, but we all accept that sometimes we're not going to do well, and that's why there are 11 in the side, not one. That's the whole point of the game, I'd have thought.

Continued next month



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